

Francis Worthington 1804
GRATULATIO

Academiae Cantabrigiensis

AUSPICATISSIMAS

GEORGII III.

MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGIS,

ET

Serenissimæ CHARLOTTÆ

PRINCIPIS

DE MECKLENBURGH-STRELITZ

NUPTIAS

CELEBRANTIS.



EXCUDEBAT CANTABRIGIÆ JOSEPHUS BENTHAM
ACADEMIÆ TYPOGRAPHUS
MENSE OCTOBRI
M.DCC.LXI.

Recd May 14. 1846
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25-104
24



A D

R E G E M.

PONENS indomitæ fræna libidini,
Phœbus quos oriens, quos videt occidens,
Victor Rex populorum;
Victor splendidior Tui
Quam voti immodicus si premeres jugo,
Quot vana Lodoix gloriola minor
Regnis imperitare,
Quot Pellæ voluit puer.

Sceptri

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Sceptri tergemini dum tibi creditam

Rem summam studio sollicito fovens

Noctes lucibus addis,

Nocti continuas diem;

Ecquis plebis amor, quæ pietas patrum

Importuna throni tædia leniat?

Merces ecqua laborum

Fesso consiliis duci

Succurrat nimia mole sub Imperi?

Non si cornipedem frangis aheneus,

Candentive elephanto

Aut auro patriæ pater

Subscriptus titulos et pretium arrogas;

Non plausus populi ter datus et quater,

Nec quas carmine inempto

Laudes Musa vetat mori,

Somnos restituent, quos oculis semel

Tristes depulerint sollicitudines;

Nec vult his recreari

Fomentis animi febris.

Nil lætum sine amore. Unicus anxiis

Miscet pharmacum Amor mentibus efficax,

Curarum unus amara

Curis dulcibus eluit.

Quic-

GRATULATIO.

Quicquid grata Tibi debeat Albion
Solvat Vandalici Nympha decus foli,
Et conjux bene fidis
Responsura caloribus.

Huc te rejiciens ambrosium in sinum
Regnandi miseras pone molestias;

Hic risus habitant, hic
Furtiva intuitus vice,
Hic suspiria sunt nuntia mutui
Non incerta animi, hic virginei metus,
Affatusque severæ
Victores sapientiæ.

Paucis ista Deus gaudia destinat
Pravas illecebras spernere fortibus,
Queis sancti meruerunt
Mores et niveus pudor.
Ergo et legitimis, vindice GEORGIO,
Jam constabit honos, jam pretium toris,
Incestosque coercens
Ignes poena premet comes.

Non matrona potens indecorem sibi
Fastum a patricio sumet adultero,
Non impune nefanda
Bullatus juvenis stupra

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Tentabit. Vetiti mox pudor abstinens

Lecti, et conjugii mutua caritas,

Priscum vertet in aurum

Durum nos chalybum genus.

GEORGIUS SANDBY, S.T.P.

Collegii Magdalenæ Præfectus,
et Academiæ Procancellarius.

GRATULATIO.

AD REGEM.

DUM Regem populus piis amatum
Votis omnibusque profecutus
Festivo fremit obstrepens tumultu ;
Ecquando Tibi tollit audiendam
Vocem fida Tui, memorque Musa ?
Nec frustrà pia debitam, allaborans,
Inneſcit capiti ſacro Coronam ?

O! Tutela, Decus, fides Britannùm ;
Quam præſtas populo tuo ſalutem,
Dii donent Tibi! nec beatiorem
Quenquam vel tulerint priora ſec'la,
Ordo temporis aut dabit futuri !

Fas ſit Conjugis additum Britannis
Juſtis plaufibus integrare nomen,
Mox ſeris quoque Poſteris canendum.
Felix ! non quia Regio venuſtas
Dignatam folio decorque finxit:
Sed juſti quia ſanctitas Mariti,
Virtus integra, comitaſque morum,
Concordes Tibi pollicetur annos ;
Et certam Thalami fidem perennis.

Honoratiſſimus Dom. Dom. *Henricus Comes*
de *Gainsborough* A.M. Collegii Regalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

I.

WHILE o'er Germania's ravag'd plains
Stern Desolation ruthless reigns ;
While, as She darts her redd'ning eye,
Death gives his keenest shafts to fly :
The gifts of Plenty and Repose
Safe on her cliffs Britannia knows :
Her Valleys spread their verdant vest ;
Her Fields in richest robe are drest :
No hostile hoof her laurel'd walks invades,
Or frights the Sisters from their peaceful Shades.

II.

I see the God, whom Venus bore
To Bacchus on Ilissus' shore :
In yellow folds his mantle plays ;
His torch sends forth a brighter blaze.
He waves his hand : I feel, he cries,
Such transports in my bosom rise,
As when I wreath'd the myrtle twine
To bind the brows of CAROLINE :
Or when in Clifden's bow'rs to FRED'RIC's Arms
I gave the treasure of AUGUSTA's charms.

III.

Ye Nymphs, who arts of conquest try,
Who bend the neck, who roll the eye,
See CHARLOTTE win with grace and ease,
And please without a wish to please !
Ye purple Tyrants, slaves to love,
From Fair to Fair who fated rove,
What is the boast of Beauty, say !
That spark Time's wing soon wafts away.
Go ! from a British Monarch learn to place
Your bliss on Virtue's adamantine base.

IV.

Hail happy Union ! the presage
Of glories down from Age to Age.

Yes ;

GRATULATIO.

Yes; as thro' Time I dart my fight,
Successive GEORGES spring to light:
Patriots, by lessons and by laws
To aid expiring Freedom's cause;
Warriors, by many a daring blow
To check each vain presumptuous Foe:
Till vaunting Gaul a mightier power shall own,
And Spain's proud Genius bow to BRUNSWIC's Throne.

The Honourable *John Grey*, of Queen's College,
Third Son of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Stamford*.

AD REGEM.

SPES dicta nuper, certa nunc Patriæ Salus,
Custosque rerum; qui futuræ pignora
Felicитatis justa jampridem dabas
Præsentibus, nunc et daturus Posteris!
Antehac Tuis abunde, coacervans Bona,
Populique votis obsecundavit Deus:
Terrâ Marique seu triumphos egeris,
Fraudes coercens, ac Fidem levem Hostium
Procul orbe nostro; sive propiores minas
Opesque, Domitor iterum et iterum, fregeris.
Rex, Victor, O! laudande multo nomine.
Ecquod petendum majus, ecquod auctius?
Accessit en! CHARLOTTA, votis publicis
Quæ sola dêerat, Sponsa; regali toro
Dignata. Jamprimum editam a teneris, vetus
Illam Parentum nomen, ac clarum Genus,
Mox multa Virtus, læta Morum suavitas,
Dulcis Juventus, mirus et Formæ decor,
Solio atque thalamis destinârunt regiis.
Tibi comis adeò Nupta, pariter et beans
Illa et beata, placido euntes ordine

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Serenet annos! ac severioribus
Quandoque curis corda fessa leniat!
Ominibus istis jussa navis protenus
Sinu recepit Hospitam lectissimam.
Nec segnis ipsa (Zephyrus optatum licet
Reditum morari potuerit nimium diu,
Odiosus expectantibus,) sibi creditam,
Nec infidelis, attulit. Superbiens
Sulcabat illa pervium rostris fretum;
Interque plausus et preces gratantium
Advecta ripis, Regio Juveni in manus
Fidemque sacram grande Depositum dedit.

Sacer usque nobis, festus et verè, Dies
Erit iste: Nec venustior populo Tuo
Illuxit unquam, nec Tibi jucundior.

Quòd si quis ultrò debitus Meritis honos;
Merces repòsta si qua castis Moribus,
Cultæque fausto sub Lare Indoli; Tuis
CHARLOTTA, CHARLOTTÆque Tu virtutibus
Uterque longùm fruire: præsens et dies
Quæcunque vobis auspicatur Gaudia,
Stabilis futuri temporis fervet tenor.

Joannes Sumner, S.T. P. Collegii Regalis Præpositus.

FELICES ter et ampliùs,
Quos sacrâ socius junxit amor fide,
GEORGÎ, maxime Principum,
Et Regina tori splendida particeps!
Vestris pronuba Fauſtitas
Spondet connubiis gaudia, quæ suis
Pax cultoribus annuit.
Nec jam purpureis invida Regibus,
Celsam, blanda quies, domum

Spernes :

GRATULATIO.

Spernes : ipsa casās linquis agrestium,
Aulam visere gestiens.
En! vestræ fidei pignus et æquoris
Inconstantia fervidi,
Ventorumque furor : cū pelagi minas
Nupta spernere fortior
Questus fœmineos poneret ; et novo,
Imperterritus antea,
Princeps Angligenū contremere metu.
O! per mille pericula
Exploratus amor : difficiles moræ
Fortunæque protervitas
Hæc mercede placent — Vos generis, precor,
Humani omnipotens Pater,
Duratura Deus fœdera munens,
Sancto numine sospitet.
Cursus ille tuos, optima GEORGII
Uxor, consilio regens,
Tutam Te patriæ sedibus extulit ;
Quà Germania, cædibus
Jamdudum miseris ebria, civium
Turpi polluitur nece.
Idem, cærulei quæ procul in sinu
Ponti panditur, Insulam
Ostendit : domus hæc, hæc Tibi patria.
Hic virtute tuebitur
Augustosque lares et Proavū decus
Princeps ; inviolabilis,
Seu, bello toties fracta, precabitur
Pacem Gallia ; seu velit
Classis reliquias instruere, et malam,
Gazis fretus Ibericis,
Fortunam Lodöix ulterius pati.

Joannes Green, S.T.P.

C.C.C. Magister.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

HASTE Winds, and Ministers of Air,
Your sacred Charge convey :
Waft safe to port the royal Fair,
Nor kill us with delay.

— Arriv'd she heightens each gay scene,
And Albion's overblest ;
The Queen of Isles receives her Queen,
With joy to every breast.

The Seasons boast their Patroness,
And Flora fair days brings :
But Flora blesses Albion less,
Than She that gives Her Kings.

Not Ceres, Goddess of the grains,
Her chaplet deck'd with these,
More welcome treads the rural plains,
Nor bears such promises.

Imperial Maid, we see you come,
Whilst blushes overwhelm,
As beauteous Rhea, Guest to Rome,
And Parent of the Realm.

“ Emblems of State, what are they now ?
“ Vain is the splendid Crown :
“ The Globe and Sceptre empty shew,
“ In Love of no Renown.

“ Whence the soft wish, that thus my heart
“ As flame has over-ran ?
“ A Throne was never rais'd to thwart
“ The blessings of a Man.”

To give the royal Youth fond rest,
So Venus did command :
Then Hymen, true Love's faithful Priest,
Convey'd the Virgin hand.

G R A T U L A T I O.

“ O happy Union ”! Choirs resound,

“ The Throne’s full complement ! ”

The Muses rise, and chaunt around,

“ A boon of Heaven sent ! ”

With them the Sons of Cam find place,

Known by those loyal boughs,

In Britain’s cause that always grace

Immortal Pelham’s brows :

With them — but Oh ! forgive his lyre,

Forgive his artless string :

Forgive this Lay, those words inspire,

“ His Duty, and his King ”.

Kenrick Prescot, D. D. Master of Catharine-Hall.

UNDIQUE dum fidi, lætis clamoribus, Angli
 Principis ad solium properant, siluisse pigebit,
 Et, licet insolitæ, non induluisse Camœnæ.
 Salve itaque Angliacæ, salve, Spes altera gentis,
 Expectata diu; nam sæpe pericula ponti,
 Sæpe graves zephyros, et iniqui flamina venti
 Culpârat quisque, et navem incusârat inertem,
 Quæ tantum portabat Onus: non aurea classis
 Tam pretiosa unquam portus intravit Iberos,
 Nec quæ littoribus gemmas mercatur Eöis.
 Venisti tandem, Virgo ornatissima, cœli
 Munus, Avis Atavisque potens, virtutibus aucta
 Ipsa tuis, magni decus et solatia Sponsi.
 Neu doleat liquisse domum dulcesque propinquos:
 Cognatæ gentes, similique ab origine ducti
 Hi Tibi sunt populi: vestris nam venit ab oris
 Saxonidûm genus acre, et gens vicinior Albi,
 Unde Angli Britones verso cognomine dicti.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Felix ante alias omnes, et prospera terras
Anglia! quæ fruitur media inter bella quiete,
Cuique vicem præstat facilis victoria pacis.
Hic sedem posuit summo gratissima Patri
Religio, hinc sincera fides, nec ritibus usa
Externis nimiùm, nec cultu orbata decenti.
Nititur hinc iusto æquarum fundamine legum
Libertas sub Rege pio, quâ nulla priorum
Conditio melior: jactet licet usque Lycurgum
Sparta suum, cultisque Solon celebretur Athenis.
Ergo omnis tellus voto se jungit in uno:
Sit soboles, sint mansuri per sæcula reges,
Qui nostra in feros transmittant fata nepotes,
Quique suos referant vultuque et mente Parentes.

*Edmundus Law, S.T.P. Collegii Divi Petri Magister,
et Academiæ Proto-Bibliothecarius.*

DUM nova pertentant Anglorum gaudia mentes,
Almum certatim concelebrantque Diem,
Lætitiæ Te, Musa, dato, celerique catervas
Inter gratantes, I, pede carpe viam.
At non sanguineos cantes sub Marte triumphos,
Ut quatit armorum clangor utrumque polum;
Mellitos, age, funde modos, quæis præbeat aurem
Phœbus, concordet Castalidumque chorus.
En! CHARLOTTA venit: rigidi vis invida Cauri
Frustra commotas accumulavit aquas.
Gaudia quæ spargit juvenili fronte renidens,
Adstat cui famulans Gratia quæque comes!
Dum scintillantes oculis vibrantur honores,
Accendunt radio splendidiore diem:
Et dum Regali incedit circumdata pompâ,
Temperies morum mitis in ore sedet.

Nil

GRATULATIO.

Nil moror ut radiet stellatus iaspide amictus :

Pectus rara fides intemerata colit.

Quam prius optarit vinc'lo sociare jugali.

GEORGIUS, imperium et participare suum?

Quæ sit digna fatis, nisi tot virtutibus apta

CHARLOTTA, Angliacum condecorare thronum?

Aspice, ut insolito splendescunt Sceptra decore!

Insignis Pietas, Relligionis honos,

Intima quæis sedes circum præcordia, GEORGI,

Angligenis spondent omnia fausta tuis.

Cumque animo volvas rerum momenta, Minerva

Ægide cui dederat vincere, mente dabit :

Dulcisonamque lyram digito saliente pererrans

Regina, Imperii dulce levamen erit.

Felices ambo, si quid mea vota valerent;

Felices, si quid publica vota valent.

Vos modò Progenies Vos moribus, ore referret,

Sceptra Britannorum tempus in omne gerat!

L. Caryl, S.T.P. Collegii Jesu Custos.

I.

WHEN the fam'd Ruler after God's own heart
Had his full course of days and glory run,

'Twas Heaven's decree the sceptre to impart

Of Israel's chosen race to Solomon :

Call'd from his birth by Him whose word is Truth ;

And for his father's sake God lov'd the royal youth.

II.

And think what gift, what blessing thou would'st ask ;

But name thy wish, and it is freely thine : —

My weakness sinks beneath this empire's task ;

Birth may give kingdoms, wisdom is divine :

Wisdom to rule I make my sole request ;

Be this my only bliss to make my people blest.

III. 'Tis

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

III.

'Tis giv'n, He answer'd, what my Son requires ;
Thy wish comes after my consenting will :
My influence first gave birth to thy desires ;
I dictate the request, and then fulfil.
Here who pursues, already holds the prize ;
For Wisdom's greatest part is, wishing to be wise.

IV.

And still the fabrick of thy state to raise,
The gifts thy virtue asks not, I bestow :
I crown thee with a length of prosperous days ;
Full at thy feet the golden tide shall flow ;
O'er the wide world thy empire shall extend ;
And with this stedfast earth thy name and glory end.

V.

This scene display'd in Israel's ancient days,
Repeated now with rapture we behold ;
A Sovereign young, yet vers'd in Wisdom's ways ;
Mature in virtue, and in prudence old ;
Peace, he discerns, is the first care of kings,
Tho' every gale that blows bears victory on it's wings.

VI.

One only point of difference can be shown,
Which may decide this honourable strife
Between the Jewish Monarch and our own,
Mark'd in the conduct of their private life.
True joys of love none but chaste bosoms know,
The bliss unlink'd with Shame, and unpursu'd by Woe.

Samuel Ogden, D.D.

Senior Fellow of St. John's College.

GRATULATIO.

BELLI tumultus jam nimis impiâ
Vaſtavit orbem ſtrâge. Moram brevem

Armis, et intervalla Pacis

Sanguineo metuende ferro

Concede, Mavors; et cohibe truces,

Bellona, turmas. Luſtus enim et Pavor,

Mortisſque imago tam beato

Non bene conveniunt diei,

Quô tota plaudat Gens ſibi; quo ſuis

Potita votis prædicet, et preces

Effundat, ut felicitate

Fas ſibi ſit propriâ potiri.

Nam quid vovendum ſit magis omnibus,

Quid expetendum, quàm Domus ut novo

Floreſcat incremento, et ævis

Auctior emineat futuris,

Per quam Britannûm res vigit diu,

Cujusſque felix auſpiciis Fides,

Virtusſque, et Artes floruerunt,

Maſſque ſuos habuit triumphos?

Gaviſa Avorum, maxime Principum,

Sceptris tuorum, et præſidio tuo

Jam læta Gens deſiderabat

Spem ſobolis diuturniorem

Habere tantæ. Optatus adeſt Hymen,

Deſideratam ſpem ſibi præferens:

Spondetque nunquam deſuturos

Sanguine BRUNSVICIO creatos;

Qui rem labantem ſuſtineant, minas

Qui Marte frangant hoſtium, et, altius

Uſque emicantes, qui tropæa

Laude ſuâ accumulent Avorum.

R. Plumtre, S.T.P. Collegii Reginalis Præſes.

E

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To the QUEEN.

A MIDST the thunder of victorious arms,
While British valour either world alarms,
On this fair Isle, the glory of the main,
Have Peace and Hymen fix'd their happy reign.
It's tranquil shores no bold invader know;
On distant plains the British laurels grow:
The shouts of conquest from each Pole rebound,
And Gallia's lilies wither at the sound.

O! doom'd a nation's general joy to share,
To shine bright object of the public care,
Princess, whom Britain welcomes to her shore,
To bless a Monarch whom her sons adore;
Hail! to a land, where Plenty lifts her horn,
Hail! to a land which all the Arts adorn;
To which the empire of the main is given,
The nurse of Heroes, and delight of Heaven.

No scenes like those thy native land bemoans,
No Virgin's tears, no dying Warrior's groans
Await Thee here: but Hymen's altars flame,
And soft affections all thy Bosom claim.
Fate, of thy Life that draws the sacred clue,
Spreads the fine texture of a brighter hue;
And forms Thee all that graces every part,
That wins the reason, or subdues the heart.
No feverish passion thy lov'd Youth inspir'd;
Where Virtue pointed, there his Soul was fir'd:
Skill'd in those arts which all that's fair pursue,
He saw their object was compleat in You.
While his pleas'd Eyes survey th' illustrious store,
The breathing Busto and Medallic ore;
Of antient forms You rival every grace,
Faustina's form and Cleopatra's face:
Their vicious beauties no true lustre gave;
The wanton Roman soil'd them, and a slave:

GRATULATION.

But modest charms your pleasing whole refin'd,
Bright emanations beaming from the mind :
And Britain's Lord, in You supremely blest,
For one fair living image scorns the rest.

To You the polish'd arts their homage pay ;
Claim of your influence the enlivening ray :
Their colours blend, or tune the sounding lyre ;
For You the marble feels Promethean fire ;
For You their tribute all the Muses bring,
From Isis' grot, and Granta's sacred spring.
Nor scorn your cultivated mind the strain,
Which oft has flow'd for other ears in vain.

For know on this depends a nation's fame,
Tho' vulgar minds contemn the Poet's name :
The weak, the wicked dread th' eternal lays ;
The virtuous reverence what embalms their praise,

Where'er the Muse by Heaven inspir'd has sung,
Immortal sounds have grac'd her native tongue.

She taught the stile of animated sense,
And all the energy of eloquence :

Then Arts which soften life, and Commerce came ;
Historic pages rais'd the Hero's flame :

The Patriot's counsels claim'd th' eternal strain,
And rising empire spread its wide domain.

Thus over Greece the Muse display'd her light ;
And with the Roman Eagles urg'd her flight :

Thus play'd on Gallia's once illustrious plain,
Where but one Poet now attunes the strain.

Such now the tributary verse she pours
Wide o'er the World from Britain's sounding shores :

Pleas'd to record for ages yet unborn
How Strelitz' charms her favourite Isle adorn.

Yet even here she mourns with tears the past,
The frowns of Power, and Envy's chilling blast.

On Mulla's shores when Spencer tun'd the strain,
Soft flow'd the stream, and hush'd was all the plain :

To

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To grot, hill, valley, lawn, and shades around
Of Gloriana's name he taught the sound :
There every Muse and every Grace was seen
To crown with Fancy's wreath the British Queen.
For dying hopes his silent bosom pin'd ;
Faithless they woo'd his young ambitious mind.
While cold neglect and lingering long suspense,
More fell than baneful drug that lulls the sense,
And sharper far than death's destroying dart,
Consum'd with care his great deserving heart.
Then sure no Muse of him will dress the grave
With holy verse, who, negligent to save,
Turn'd from the Muses gifts with scornful eye ;
Saw Merit bloom, then droop forgot, and die.

The wise may counsel, and the brave may bleed :
Unless the Muse bid envious Time recede,
And near their tombs eternal Vigils keep,
Their glorious actions must in silence sleep.

With better hopes the Nine their homage pay,
And hail the influence of Your orient ray.

CHARLOTTA's smiles above ELIZA's days
Shall lift a Monarch's and a Nation's praise.
In your soft court the Muses shall be found,
And Wit direct the dart that gives no wound.
No savage dagger there shall Faction draw ;
But Virtue give to every Passion law :
Far off shall Satyr point its venom'd sting ;
But Love his torch with smiling Beauty bring.
Pleas'd at Your feet each Muse's child shall sit,
Safe from the vengeance of malignant Wit.
No beating storms the Monarch Eagle move,
When couch'd he sleeps beneath the throne of Jove.

Your beauties not alone our Youth engage
To touch the string : but warm the breasts of Age.
The faithful Servant of the throne appears ;
Nor feels the weight of labours and of years ;

Happy

GRATULATIO.

Happy the object of his cares to view,
The BRUNSWIC line confirm'd, and grac'd by You.
Amidst the general voice and duteous strain,
He asks Your smiles to bless his Granta's train.
Alike the Sons of honour'd Isis claim
To make their verse immortal by Your fame.
Nurs'd in these learned shades around You stand
Who shine in Senates now, th' illustrious band;
O'er Britain's fleets or armies who preside;
Or who the reins of mighty Empire guide;
Proud of the wreaths which classic hands have wove
Due to your Charms, to Loyalty, and Love.

Thus when the Sages of the Trojan state
Of war or peace were met to fix the fate;
As Helen pass'd, the hoary Chiefs admir'd,
And prais'd the passion which her Eyes inspir'd.

Henceforth our labours, and our fame be one;
And Cam's and Isis' streams together run:
To distant climes convey the pleasing tale;
While Britain's Muses like her Arms prevail,
And shine their Monarch's pride, their Country's boast;
Their only contest to applaud You most.

James Marriott, LL.D. Fellow of Trinity Hall,
and one of the Advocates of Doctors-Commons.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

قال .

ليوناردس كقبلو *

يهني جهورجيس المثلث

بخلغه سو من المجد

وبفولانح الاعراسه *

وهذا الدهر ان جم عجايبه *

هيمع المالكنا عزيز وقدير *

اهلته يديق ومجده عال

نبيشا ينقمس بالظلام بغت *

الذي ملكوته سنين غوما *

اكن ايان ما علي الشمس ديجوج

وبشرق بأعظم درجت ضوا *

كذلك الكافد في منزلة المجد *

وبيباك الله يا ايها المالكنا *

كما نار غيسانتك كذا ملكك *

وبيباك الله يا الملكة سعود *

تختال في برد الشباب ونعم وسم *

ولو ترقى وطنا والارض مولدك *

لا تتقي نوب الزمان ولا حدتي *

لكن نفلك فدلا بفريح ننسك *

وأيام امتنا بك مشهورة *

المفر لها معلومة وحاجول *

منكما يطلع الملوك والملكاء *

وبجهدكعا ينزل الكراب دم *

والسلام يشق لنا علي ابد *

Leonardus Chappelow, S. T. B.

Linguae Arabicæ Professor.

GRATULATIO.

הרנינו כל העמים
הרעו בקול רנה
כי יום שמחה גדולה
לברטן היום הזה

מהרו שרים ועמם
נגנים וחללים
עשו חן כנור נעים
נבל שרה ושרות

על כי לעם יאתה
חזה בחרית מלך
ויהוה ברך ברך
המלך המשיחו

האות לבו נתן לו
הדרת מקלנברנה
יפת תאר מבנותו
הממלכות צפונה

בשמחת ובגיל
באה בהכל מלך
וכל עמים אמרים
תחי המלכה שרלוט

ושם יה למלך
זרע נבור ממלכה
אשר ישב אחריו
לכסא לו עד עולם

*Guilielmus Difney, A. M. Coll. S.S. Trinitatis Socius,
Linguae Hebraeae Professor Regius.*

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΧΑΡΛΟΤΤΑ τοῖς τρήποισιν
Ἵπερφέροισα καλοῖς,

Ἦβης τε λαμπρὸν ἄνθος

Ἔχουσα ταῖς παρθέαις,

Ἀχεῦσα κῆτο — θυμὸς

Λύπαισιν ἤχθ' αἰνῶς·

Τέρεν τε δάκρυ λείβειν,

Ἔως σέναζε λυγρὰς

Τῆ Ἀρεῶ κυδοιμῆς·

Πάτρην τε τὰν τάλαιναν

Φόνῳ ῥέυσαν εἶδεν.

Ἴδ' ἡ Περικλῆς ἀμφὶ

Πτερὸν καθεῖσα, λευκὸν

Ἐς κόλπον ἵπλ' ὤκυ.

Χ. Ἐρασμὴ Πέλεια,

Πόθεν, πόθεν πύτασαι;

Φορεῖς δὲ τὰς ἐλάϊας

Ὅζον, βροτοῖσιν αἰεὶ

Προσφίλτατον τὸ χάσμα;

Π. Οὐ σοὶ καλὴν ἐλάϊαν

Νύμφη φέρω αἰεῖν·

Ἀναξ δὲ τῶν Βρετανῶν,

(Τίς ἔμέγιστον οἶδεν

Ἀνακλ' αὐτῶν Βρετανῶν;)

Μὲ νῦν ἔπεμψεν ἔς σε

Ἠδὺν φέρειν ἔρωτα,

Ἀλλεῖν τε δεξιὰν σάν.

Θεοί, Θεαί τε πᾶσαι

ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΝ καλοῖσι

Δώροισι πολλὰ τίον·

Μὲ δ' Ἀφροδίτ' ἔδωκεν

Ἀνακλ' ἰδὼν ἄγαλμα·

Ἐμὸς δὲ Δεσπότης σοὶ

GRATULATIO.

Τὰν χεῖρα, καρδίαν τε,
 Ὅμῃ δίδωσι πῖσαν·
 Σκῆπτρον δέκευ δέ, Νύμφη,
 Βρετανίδ' τε γαῖαν
 Ἐυφραίνε σοῖς γάμοισιν.

X. Ἐρασμὴν πέλεια,
 Δῶρον τὸ σὸν λαβεῖν·
 Ὅυ μοι μέλει τυραννίδος,
 Ὅυθ' αἰρέει μὲ χρυσός·
 Ὅ Δεσπότης δὲ σέο
 Νέ' σοφός τ' ἀκέραιος·
 Τῷ εὐγενὲς γὰρ ἦτορ
 Πραῦ, δίκαιον, ἀγνόν.
 Σὺ σπένδε γέν, ὁδόν τε
 Δείκνυθί μοι, Πέλεια,
 Ἐκῆσα γὰρ σ' ἔπωμαι.

Π. Νῆες ταχὺ πλέεσαι,
 Βρετανίδ' τε κῆρα
 Σὲ προσμένουσιν ἐγγύς·
 Ἐγὼ τόπον ματεύσω
 Λέληθ' ὅπως Γαλήνη
 Γλυκεῖα· τὰν δὲ πείσω
 Γάμοισι σοῖς παρῆναι·
 ὦ χαῖρε, λαμπρὰ Νύμφη,
 Σὲ δ' αὔραι εὐ πνέεσαι
 Βρετανίδ' πρὸς ἀκλῶ
 Ἀγῶσιν, ὠλένας τε
 ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΥ πρὸς εὐκτάς.

Michael Lort, A. M. Coll. S. S. Trinitatis Socius,
 et Græcæ Linguae Professor Regius.

G

*Written by Tho. J. Smith, as appears from
 many letters and papers left by him.*

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AD REGINAM.

AONIDUM fylvis et Cami fonte relicto
Audaci nova sacra manu, nova munera vates
Portat ovans; quā castus Amor, quā pompa volentem
Invitat festiva chorum: juvat atria Regum,
Augustasque domos invisere; Teque decoris
Ritibus, et tanto lætam, CAROLETTA, Marito.

O! decus, et famæ meritò pars altera nostræ,
O! salve, Regina; piis postquam invida votis
Cessit hyems, quæ Te, pelago tua Regna petentem
Diversam tulit; et, Zephyris spirantibus aucta,
Repulit optatæ cedentia littora terræ.

At non Angligenis, quamvis maria undique classem
Turbarent, et vela suos repetentia portus,
Pulsa fides retrò: GEORGÎ ratis illa vehebat
Fortunam, felix, et terræ debita nostræ.

Te simul auspiciis majoribus ire per altum
Credidimus: tali quoniam placuisse Marito
Augurium virtutis erat, mentisque pudicæ
Argumentum ingens — Non hæc in fœdera venit,
Oblitus decorisque sui Britonumque salutis,
Ille; sed in medio famam respexit amore,
Integer invictusque animo; et Patriæ bona vidit
Non aliena fuis. Tædas et mente revolvit
Sæpe tuas, AUGUSTA: Nurum tibi destinat, ipsa
Qualis eras, Patrisque sacros imitatur amores.

Magna pudicitiae merces, magnusque severæ
Virtuti quæsitus honos: age, præmia laudis
Carpe tuæ, CAROLETTA: suas Tibi GEORGIUS ipse
Fortunasque, fidemque, et curas pectoris imi
Commisit. Non regales infausta sub ædes
Nupta venis; Phariâ qualis Cleopatra phaselo
Decurrit gelidum lascivo remige Cydnum,
Sponsales bello quondam versura Penates.

GRATULATIO.

Nam sincera fides, et honestæ gratia formæ,
 Quæque verecundos urbana modestia risus
 Induit, ingenuum, famâ præeunte, calorem
 Elicuit Juveni — Patriæ ducenda Parenti
 Talis erat. Sed et Ille, tuos meditatus amores,
 Vandalicos respexit Avos, famamque tuorum,
 Antiquâ generosa domo, ubi pascua læta
 Albis, et Heroum torrentibus alluit undis
 Mœnia. Fœcundis Rhodanus licet imperet arvis,
 Cæsareasque ædes et celsa palatia cingat
 Ister aquâ: pietas illic et pura coluntur
 Sacra DEI; Italicas et dedignata catenas
 Religio obscænos refugit pulcherrima ritus.

Non infanus Amor, non has, CAROLETTA, pudicas
 Accendit Fortuna faces; nec vana per æquor
 Ignotos thalamos, Nupta, aut incerta petebas
 Gaudia: magna tuum magnæ commercia famæ
 Conjugium, et certis firmârunt omina signis.
 Sæpe tua Angliacis Germania læta tropæis
 Augustum GEORGÎ teneras Tibi nomen ad aures
 Detulerat: quali Hesperium mare victor obiret
 Virtute, Eöosque sinus; ut classibus idem
 Santonicos portus adverſaque littora Gallorum
 Obsidione ultor premeret. Sed major imago
 Principis occurrit, quem palma domestica cingit;
 Qui rerum instabiles sciret componere fluctus
 Lenibus imperiis, et adhuc juvenilibus annis
 Felices populos et libera jura tueri.
 Tum Tibi, tum laudes gratâ dulcedine sensus
 Virgineos mulſere; iterumque audire volebas
 Ingentem Regis famam, Britonumque triumphos.
 Ah! quoties, durum regni miserata laborem,
 (Cum, vefanus adhuc, nec tantis cladibus æger,
 Perfidus oblatas leges et fœdera Gallus
 Sperneret) unanimes casto sub pectore curas
 Fovisti, et GEORGÎ doluisti victa dolore!

Illa

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Illa tamen, Regina, tuæ prænuncia fortis
Cura fuit; gemitusque viam patefecit amori.

Te nunc Angligenûm, procul a furialibus armis,
Terra tenet, regnata tuo, CAROLETTA, Marito.
Tu sceptri regalis onus, Tu pondera rerum
Fida levas; mæstosque animi solata labores
Sollicitum reficis, et gaudia lapsa reponis.
Nunc etiam communis honor, communia vitæ
Gaudia: et Aonii, famæ super ardua, vates
Nomina juncta ferent, totum quacunque per orbem
Angliacum decus ibit, et ingens gloria rerum.

*Guilielmus Barford, A.M. Coll. Regalis Socius,
et Academiae Procurator Senior.*

*I think he was the Canon appointed to examine
the verses sent in - and accept or reject*

ET tandem Dominam pelagi venerata futuram
Misit in Angliacos lenior aura sinus;
Et, Pelei memor, ipsa Thetis sibi credita tandem
Pignora Cæsareo reddidit alma toro.
Per tumidum mare, per belli simul aspera, GEORGI,
Venit in amplexus Regia Nupta tuos.
Ventorum licet ira fremat; licet improbus omni
Æolus insanas impete turbet aquas;
Non Zephyri gravis ira movet: non concita ponti
Pectora fœmineo percutit unda metu.
Fidus Amor dux monstrat iter; famulatur eunti,
Nescius æquoreas extimuisse minas.
Gallica securum paci confisa per æquor
Festinet timidam classis inulta viam:
Tu, pelagi Regina, ipsa inter bella, Britannûm
Adveheris focios inviolata Lares;
Ipsa eadem pacisque potens — Tu scilicet audis
Sponsa per extremas nobilitata plagas;

An-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Angligenum simul alma Parens: tu sola GEORGI

Visa maritalem promeruisse fidem;

Quæ regni solere vices; eademque Britannum

Prole novâ Genetrix quæ tuearis opes.

*Laurentius Eliot, A.M. Collegii Magdalenæ Socius,
et Academiæ Procurator Alter.*

SPERATA tandem lucet Angliæ dies,
Faventque amica Numina:

Dudum secundis fueta rebus Anglia,

Novos triumphos præparat.

Exorta longâ Principum propagine,

Formâque dulci prædita,

Saxonica Virgo ducitur GEORGIO

Regni torique particeps.

At non Avorum regium propter genus,

Nec pulchra quoniam conspici,

Audis ovantis Albionis inclyta

Regina; sed quia moribus

Suavissimis, cultâque mentis indole,

Virtutis amplioribus

Instructa donis, regias amabilis

Adepta es Uxor nuptias.

O digna tali Principe Mulier Viro,

Dignus Maritus Conjuge!

Felix propago Liberorum dulcium

Pulcherrimo referentium

Vultu Parentes, moribusque candidis,

Vestros amores arctius

Vinciat, ad ultimam tenens integra diem

Sancti cubilis fœdera.

Ol semper, ut nunc, civibus carissimi

Vivatis, almi Principes;

Novamque postera ducat ætas gloriam,

Nullam recedens auferat.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Et fera quando fata vos vocaverint,
 Letoque vita cesserit;
Accedat Hæres patriis virtutibus,
 Parique fultus robore,
Qui sceptrâ fortiter Britanniaë gerat,
 Terrâ marique præpotens —
Felix Britannia! cujus ora personat
 Lætis tuorum vocibus;
Dum bellicosus ad cruenta flumina
 FREDERICUS Odri fulminat;
Brunsviciaëque turma victrix hostium
 Fugata terret agmina:
Dum misera passis crinibus Germania,
 Ut orba filiis parens,
Nudata mœnibus inclyta videt oppida,
 Civesque domibus exules,
Pulchrosque ferro et igne vastatos agros,
 Sylvasque vacuas arborum;
(Infanientis opera Mavortis, avidi
 Miscere res mortalium)
Tuus, O beata populus Albion gerit
 Securus otî munia:
Non culta vastat arva miles impius,
 Nec spoliât imbelles greges:
Sed dives utriusque mercibus Indiaë
 Appellit oris Navita;
Sed messis amplam læta fundit copiam,
 Dulcia colonis præmia;
Fœtæque pecudes tenera lustrant gramina,
 Dum blanda ridet undique
Tranquillitas — O! sæva quando desinent
 Belli nefandi munera,
Fastuque Galliaë subacta, Gentibus
 Pacem GEORGIUS dabit!

*Thomas Derisley, A.M. Coll. Regin. Socius,
et Academiaë Taxator.*

G R A T U L A T I O.

“ **H**OW blest the self-directed peasant's choice,
 “ By no connections, no dependencies,
 “ Or interest, or pride of ancestry,
 “ Enslaved to custom's arbitrary laws;
 “ Him nor delusive hope of joy unknown,
 “ Nor flattering portrait's visionary charms
 “ Cheat into love precipitate, the source
 “ Of disappointment and indifference:
 “ His pleasure rests not on the applause of crouds,
 “ Nor sickens by reflection, till the charm,
 “ Weakened by passion's more impetuous force,
 “ Dissolves, and sets the unwilling captive free.”

Cease, envy, cease; are nature's general laws
 Confined to place or person? is the state
 Connubial, in the hamlet's lowly shed,
 Perpetual source of blessings? but on thrones
 Hopeless and unindear'd? can happiness,
 Can love be partial? No; 'tis Virtue's due;
 The King may reach it, and the subject lose.
 Say, shall the cottager's ignoble ease,
 The fruits of riot and licentious youth,
 Rival the Sov'reigns blifs? those hours of peace,
 When from the cares of empire disengaged,
 He seeks his respite in domestick sweets,
 Pleased with the prospect of succeeding Kings?
 Turn then to FREDERIC's and AUGUSTA's loves;
 To whose bright flame Britannia's Monarch owes
 His unpolluted fires. See mighty GEORGE
 Approach with ardour to this awful league,
 And heaven-directed fix his nuptial choice
 Where peace and virtue reign. Religion's cause,
 And merit which could rival His alone,
 Inspired the rising flame; when mighty realms,
 Whose dread connections might have swayed the world,
 Solicited alliance. What, though Kings,
 The great Progenitors of CHARLOTTE's race,

GRATULATION.

At Freedom's call, from farthest Vistula,
To where the Tiber on his lordly tide
Receiv'd the homage of a subject world,
Rushing victorious, of oppress'd mankind
Redeemed the Liberties, and crushed the pride
Of Tyrant Rome; more noble CHARLOTTE's dower,
More generous GEORGE's passion: Here each soul
Meets soul congenial; here the Royal pair,
In faith, in love unanimous, confess
Their joys compleat, and as their Subjects' blest.

Hail heaven-united Pair! and thou dread state,
Parent of order, of communities
Polite and civilized; whate'er the rites
Ordained by custom, principles, or laws
Of different Climates, to restrain the ills
Of lawless passion, and that high behest,
"INCREASE AND MULTIPLY", of Heaven fulfil;
(Whether the contract's unassisted tie
Suffice, or mutual interchanged pledge
To one confine the flame; but most august,
When, with Religion's mystic sanction sealed,
Thou call'st on Heaven as voucher to the bond
Indissoluble;) hail! thou genuine source
Of nature's offspring, wedded love: recruit
The Millions drain'd by War's wide-wasting rage:
Now when Ambition of it's wish'd success
Despairing, disappointed, sues for peace,
To stop the torrent of o'erflowing blood;
Peace, which (Revenge howe'er disdain to brook,
And Shame forbid) Necessity prescribes,
To improve our Race, and reinstate the World.

William Keate, Scholar of King's College.

G R A T U L A T I O.

EJA age, lætitiâ resones festoque tumultu,
 Albion; et dulci celebrent nova fœdera plausu
 Pierides: neque enim, post tædia longa viarum,
 Hospes adit nostros ingrata, ingloria portus.
 At non hæc rerum facies, non talia gentis
 Gaudia, cùm adverso tumuerunt æquora fluctu,
 Et Zephyrus tardavit iter: tunc omnia latè
 Continuo tremuere metu; totamque per urbem
 Vidimus insolitos populum torquere timores.
 Ipse quidem terrore novo luctantia nauta
 Flamina prospexit, rapidosque exhorruit æstus.
 Sola tamen tantam Regina immota procellam
 Sustinuit: non Illa imo spumantia fundo
 Expavit freta, nec surgente expalluit undâ.
 Scilicet Angliacos fines, thalamosque GEORGÎ
 Quærentem timuisse pudet: solatur euntem
 Multa Viri virtus; et opes, multusque recursant
 Gentis honos, placidâque animum dulcedine tangunt.

Tandem, Sponsa, venis: tuaque expectata Marito
 Forma graves curas, et tristia pondera sceptri
 Leniet: Ille sacro devinctus vulnere amoris,
 A te sollicitos discet tolerare dolores.
 Ille etiam, cùm Te posthac maturior ætas
 Ingentem solii doceat perferre laborem,
 Te magni Comitem imperii, rerumque Ministram
 Accipiet: Tu longinquas metuere per oras;
 Te vasti Dominam Oceani, Terræque potentem,
 Decolor extremo venerabitur Indus in orbe.

Il tanto nectenda Viro: si nostra valebunt
 Vota, piæ poterint si Cælum flectere voces,
 Jam nova progenies, et non indigna Parentum
 Nascetur; Britonum quæ latè extendat honorem,
 Et parta amplificet patriâ virtute tropæa.

O! gens Angligenûm, terris magis omnibus una
 Visa placere Deo: dum tu solennia læti

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Conjugii instauras, faustoque in Marte triumphas;
Interea longo fervens Germania bello
Effractas acies, infectaque cædibus arva
Mœret, et Europam tristissima vastat Enyo.

Horatius Mann, Coll. Divi Petri Socio-Commensalis.

WHEN pictur'd oft in the Poetic page
We've seen the blissful Isles and golden Age;
Adorn'd, appear'd the visionary Theme,
With fabled beauties, caught from Fancy's dream.
Yet now the bright Original behold;
These the blest Isles, and this the Age of gold!
Our ancient Bards thus doubly claim the Bays;
And join the Prophet's to the Poet's praise.
For Albion's Sons unnumbered blessings rise;
No Patriot Prayer indulgent Heaven denies.
She ask'd a Monarch virtuous, wise and great;
And GEORGE arose to steer the helm of State:
She ask'd a Queen the Diadem to share;
Heav'n gave a CHARLOTTE to Britannia's Prayer.
O! may kind Heaven still more propitious prove,
And smooth the rugged path of State with Love:
Give Britain Princes, who shall dare aspire
To emulate the glories of their Sire:
Assert their Birth, their Title, Lineage, Name,
The first in Virtue, as the first in Fame!

Are there who now the Stoic Art employ,
Nor feel th' expansive force of generous joy?
The wretch who pines beneath oppressive woe,
Forbids the groan to rise, the tear to flow:
Steals from himself, nor feels his pain awhile;
And his pale cheek glows with a Patriot smile.

G R A T U L A T I O.

Hark! the firm voice of Joy pervades the air;
 And the pleas'd echo greets the Royal Pair.
 Tho' breath'd with loyal warmth, my slender Song
 Is drown'd 'midst patriot Shouts from ev'ry Tongue:
 Thus drops the dew upon old Ocean's side;
 Seems to be lost, yet swells the rising tide.

What Form divine bursts on my ravish'd sight,
 Circled in beams of mild and steady light,
 Girt with a Virgin Zone her robes of purest white? }
 "O'er thee, blest Isle, Heaven's purest gifts are shower'd;
 "On thee its best, its choicest blessings pour'd.
 "In GEORGE's breast are mark'd my Legends fair;
 "Harcourt's and Hayter's labours fix'd them there.
 "Such the firm Basis — See the Structure prove
 "Religion, Freedom, Loyalty, and Love.
 "The softer Virtues of the female heart
 "In CHARLOTTE's gentle bosom claim a part.
 "Thus Both in Virtue's sacred bands are 'twin'd:
 "The Monarch leads; yet She is scarce behind.
 "Live, happy Pair, thus blessing and thus blest!
 "Own one Supreme, and leave to Him the rest." —
 Thus Virtue speaks — ensues a solemn Pause:
 Now shouts the gen'ral Voice with loud applause:
 "Live, happy Pair, thus blessing and thus blest!
 "Own one Supreme, and leave to Him the rest."
 No more we sing You in our humble lays:
 For the best Eulogy is Virtue's Praise.

John Gandy, A. B. of Sidney-Sussex College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ITE procul miseri, quos cœlibis aspera vitæ
Semita delectat; tædam quos usque jugalem
Exosos juvat in vacuo consumere frustra
Florentem ætatem lecto; procul ite, nec unquam
Libetis socium, quem non meruistis, amorem.
Accendas Hymenæe faces, quæ lumine puro
Regales inter thalamos, atque atria fulgent.
Ille Patris tacitum quæ tangant gaudia pectus
Infelix nescit; sæva qui voce malignus
Ridet, et in castos convitia jactat amores.
Non illum occiduo redeuntem sole salutat
Ore puer tenero; molli non sponsa molestant
Demulcet curam amplexu; sed, ut arbor arena
Marcescit sterili: non ipsa in morte dolendus
Conficit ignotus turpem, sine nomine, vitam.
“Nempe maritali gaudet dominarier æde
“Fœmina; nec liciti malè capta cupidine regni
“Concutit in miseros sceptrâ effrænata Penates.”
Non ita: sed blandi parere assueta mariti
Lenibus imperiis; spernit mandata Tyranni,
Et libertatem justis ulciscitur armis.

At vos, quæis ultro Britonum gens libera servit,
Consociata juvent diuturni gaudia regni;
Non animis misera increscat discordia; at usque
Duret amor — fin quid veri mens auguret, usque
Durabit; mens una duos et nescia rumpi
Fœdera conjungent. Dumque ætas nostra celebrat
Incolumes, vestros tangant quoque sera nepotum
Fata animos; surgat clarâ de stirpe propago,
Quæ referat faciem ambiguum mixtosque parentes.

*Petrus Matthæus Mills, Coll. Christi
Socio-Commensalis.*

GRATULATIO.

THO' neither Courtiers who their Kings ador'd,
Nor fawning Priests who lied to serve their Lord,
Could ever Nature's rebel sense controul;
Or stamp their tenets on a free-born soul:
We yet with willing hearts obey Thy rod,
Own in Thy people's voice the Voice of God;
Own, that Thy worth transmitted to thy Line,
E'en British Kings shall reign by Right Divine.

D. Gaches, M.A. Fellow of King's College.

MITTE vefanas, Dea, mitte cædes;
Quæque vicinas agitare gentes
Bella duravere beata nusquam
Audiat oris
Albion. Feflo fremuere plaufu
Audi'n ut campi? Thamefisque circum
Ripa CHARLOTTÆ ingeminat facratum
Garrula nomen?
Quâ lyrâ, vel quo fatis ore laudes
Efferet vatum chorus, insolenti
Quas Tibi dextrâ tribuit benignus
Rector Olympi?
Pulchra clarorum soboles parentum,
Ipfa præclaris animi renidens
Dotibus, Princeps pia, blanda, Conjux
Digna GEORGÎ,
Supplices audi: Tibi vota fundit
Turba; Te Rex et Britonum Senatus
Ambit: O! adfis, meritisque partam
Sume coronam.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Fratris oblita advenias; Sororis
Neve jacturâ doleas relictæ:
Patriam hîc spondet, potior propinquis,
Pectoris ardor
Regii, et concors populi fidelis
Sensus: antiquæ hîc monumenta famæ,
Hîc et heroum series recentûm
Longa refulget.
Hîc ames Mater Britonum vocari:
Te futurorum Genetrice Regum
Pompa procedat: Tibi, Virgo, pacem
Debeat Orbis.

Henricus Pelham, Aulæ de Clare
Socio-Commensalis.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ α.

Ω ΚΕΑΝΟΥ βασιλῆες, εὐθυ-
-πνέοντες Ἄνεμοι, τίς ἄμμιν ἦλθεν
Ποσσὶ κλειδίῳσι ἀλὸς
Κύμασιν ἐμβεβαυῖα; τίνα νᾶσον
Ἐς τάνδε κομίζετ', ἀδίσαν
Ἄνακτι καὶ λαῷ δόσιν;
Τὰν, πεφιλαμένον
Ἄγαλμα Σαξονάων,
Ἴδον Κασινάτῃ δόμοι
Παντοίαις Χαρίτεσσιν ἐσκευασμέναν·
Καὶ γὰρ εὐειδέα μορφὰν
Καὶ φρένα μείλιχον Παιδὸς ἐθαύ-

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ α.

-μαζόν ὅσοι φανερὰς ἐς οἶκας
Ἰκανόν· ὁμοφωνία δ' αἶψ' εἶπον

Πάντες·

GRATULATIO.

Πάντες· ἀγαθείαις δεδαι-
 -δαλμένον ἔτινα κάλλῳ ἀρεταῖσι
 Τεκνοσπόρος ἀξίαν εὐνᾶς
 Ἔθηκεν, ἔπω παρθένῳ
 Τᾷδ' ἀγάμῳ πεσεῖ
 Ἀκαρπῶ οἶκοθ' ἄβας
 Ἀωτῶ. Ἀλλ' ἤδη χορὸς
 Νυμφᾶν ἀλικιωλίδαν ὥρα λιπεῖν.
 Τίς καλεῖ; τίς δέχειται; τίς
 Γᾶς πολυμάλῃς ἀρχων, ἢ ἀναξ

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ α.

Σκαπλῆχῳ ἐς κοινωνίαν κλεάνων
 Ἀγεί θυμαρῇ Ἀκοίῃν;
 Ὅυ γὰρ νιν ἐκφρῶν, ἐ δυσυχέα
 Πόσιν ἀμφιναιετάοντες
 Ὀνυμάξουσιν. ὥς εἶπον·
 Ὅδ' Ἀλβίωνῳ Ἀγεμῶν σόλον
 Ἀγακλέα πέμπων εἶν
 Ἐς ἀφνεὰν χθόνα Κέραν φέρει—
 Χᾶϊρε, Παρθέν' εὐρυλιμοτάτα,
 Μηδὲν ἀέκυσ' ἐκ νεὼς κατὰβαι-
 -ν'. Ὅυ γὰρ ἄνευ Θεῶ ἴκεο τάνδ' ἐς αἶαν·

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ β.

Βένθεσιν ἀ βαθυκόλπῃ ἄλμῃς
 Μέσοις δεδεμένα βίαν ἀκαμπτῇς
 Ἀσφαλῆς τε καλαφρογνῇ
 Δυσμενέων· πολιοπόρθῃ Ἀρεῶ γὰρ
 Ὅυπῳ μεγαλοδεντὸς ὄρμα
 Δόμῃς καλήρειψ', ἐ βροτῶν
 Δελοσύνα φρένας
 Ἀναλκίδων ἐδάμνα·

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Βίη δ'ε καλλίς λαχόν-
-τες γὰν τάνδε νέμονται, εὐοίκισον, εὐ-
καρπον ἔδραν — Ἄγε, κεδνὰ
Παρθέν', ἀμέτρῃ εὐδαιμονίας

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ β.

Ἐνθάδε γένσεαι, αἰδὺ τάν τοι
Δέδωκε ποτόν, ὄλβιον γεραίρων
Λαὸν Ἀγλιγενῶν γάμῃς
Θ' ἀγεμόνων ὙμέναιϹ. Ἄγε, χερσὶ
Καλαῖς φιάλαν, φόβῃ κλεινᾷς
Τε παλίδϹ λάθαν, δέχευ.
Ἐνθάδε τοι δόμϹ
ἘτοῖμϹ, ἐνθάδ' ἀρχαί,
Πόσις τ' Ἀνασσαν προσμένει,
Τηλαύγεσσ' ἀρεταῖς μεμαλώς. Ὅς γλυκεῖ-
-αν τρέφων τάνδε μέριμναν,
Μαλθακὰ πάντα καὶ τερπνὰ, πόνων

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ β.

Χωεῖς, γελανεῖ καρδίᾳ φρογνέει.
Θεοδμάτοις δ' ἐν δόμοισιν
Ἐυφάμον Ἀδονὰν καὶ Χάειρας
Ὀμόδαιρας εἰς ἔρᾱνον κα-
-λέει — Ἀλλ' ἐ φρόνων λάθα
Ἄνακτι νασιωτέων ἔσε-
-ται ἀδυεπεῖ παρ Κόρα.
Ἐξως γὰρ ἐ δαμασίφρων νόον
Κλέψει ἔμπεδον· χθὸν Ἀγλιγενῶν
Ρύσει, ἀγαγὼν πατρίδ' εὐρυχίας
Ἐς κορυφαί, πυκιναῖσιν ἑαῖσι βελαῖς.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ

GRATULATIO.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ γ.

Γέναιθ' ὑπερφιάλων τυράννων
 Ἐνναλίῳ ὀβείμῳ κρατήσας
 Λύσει, ἕως Θέμις ἔννομῳ
 Σὺν Βασιλεῖ Σοφία τε πολεμῶσιν —
 Ἐυδαιμον Ἄναξ, ὁμόκλαρέ τε
 Πάρεδρε, θεία σὺν τύχῃ
 Ζεῦξεν ὁμόδρομον
 Ὀχημ' Ἐρωτῷ ὕμνιν
 Κέλευθον εἰς μακρὰν βίαν
 Χρυσάμπυξ Ὑμέναιῳ· οἰακοσρέφῳ
 Δ' ἐγκυβερνᾷ χάρις. Ὑμᾶς
 Γὰρ δαμασίμβροτῳ Νίκα ἐκν-

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ γ.

-δανε παριζομένα. Δέδορκεν
 Δὲ τηλόθε ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΥ κλέῳ ὦ
 Καλλιμόρφῃ Ἀχοΐτιδῳ.
 Κίονες ἔσχαται Ἡρακλέῳ, αἰά
 Τ' ἐν τᾷ μὲν Ἀωσφόρεα λάμπει
 Φαινὸς ἀστὴρ δεσπότην
 Οἶδε Βρετανίδῳ
 Ἄνακτα. — Χαίρετ' ἄμφω·
 Θεῶ τε σὺν μοίρῃ γάμων
 Θαλλόντων ἀπόλαυετ'. Ἄμμες δ', ἐνθ' ἐγεί-
 -ρηντες ἔμφωνον αἰοιδᾶν,
 Λισόμεθ' αἰγλαὰν Ἐυφροσύναν,

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ γ.

Καί σ', ὦ βροτῶν σῶταρ' Ἀνωδυνία,
 Πορρεῖν αἰῶν' ἐνλυχέοντα
 Νηπενθέϊ δρόσῳ ραινόμωρον
 Ὀμοδεμνίῃ φιλότατῳ.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ἔσαγ', Ἐιρήνη, ἅμαρ πο-
 -λυτὰς, ὡς ἐν ἀσφαλῇ τέκοι
 Ἄνασσα — Κακοῖσιν κακοί·
 ΓΕΩΡΓΙΩι δ' ἀρεταῖς ὕμεις
 Γησίαις φλέγῃς, ἰθαγενέες
 Παλῆιδ' αἰῶλοι, σθέν' Βρελόνων,
 Παῖδες Ἐλευθερίας, Περυγόνοισιν ἴσοι.

Thomas Powys, Coll. Regalis Socio-Commenfalis.

afterwards Lord Dufferin

I.

YES! happy Albion! o'er thy King
 (Blest King of Freedom's sacred Isle!)
 Bright conquest spreads her crimson wing,
 And glory pours her golden smile.
 For frowning o'er th' embattled field,
 With martial front untaught to yield,
 Thy Hero Courage! Courage! cries:
 The winged word, like lightning, flies.
 Quick-rattling peals of British thunder
 Drive the shudd'ring foes afunder.
 Pale Death stalks grimly o'er the plain;
 And horror chills each Gallic vein.
 But Granby, prodigal of life,
 Impetuous rushes thro' the strife:
 And now advancing, now pursuing,
 Scatters wild dismay, and ruin;
 Whilst all thy Sons with gen'rous ardour glow,
 To snatch one laurel more from Louis' haughty brow.

II.

For this the shouts of just applause
 Have echo'd thro' the conscious sky:
 Yet spare the Muse, if she withdraws
 From these harsh scenes her tender eye.

She

GRATULATION.

She too in Albion's joy unites :
But lo ! a milder scene invites.
The rough hoarse drum, the rude alarms
Of cannon's roar, and clash of arms ;
These, these she quits for Lydian measures,
Such as sooth the Soul to pleasures.
Soft let her numbers flow along,
Soft as the subject of her Song.
Behold ! the Queen of soft desires,
Thy Sov'reign's yielding bosom fires :
See Him, not Mars alone adoring,
Hymen's sweeter joys imploring !
To grace His laurell'd brows He asks of Jove
The Rose, and Myrtle wreath, ambrosial wreath of love.

III.

Nor asks the Royal Youth in vain :
At Jove's supreme, propitious nod,
Forth from the chambers of the Main
Quick darts the coral-crowned God.
His car he mounts : with whirlwind sweep
He glides along the glassy deep ;
And all the God old Ocean feels.
But lo ! He stops his whirling wheels.
Glad Tritons at his presence sounding
Notes from Albion's rocks rebounding ;
His awful Trident shakes the ground.
What solemn silence reigns around !
Nor surges lash the trembling shore ;
Nor dare the winds tumultuous roar.
But slowly slide the conscious billows :
Softly wave the list'ning willows ;
Whilst Neptune, speaking with majestic smile,
In gentlest words accosts the Monarch of the Isle :

IV.

“ Hail ! happy Prince — thy suppliant voice
“ Has gain'd the willing ear of Jove :

“ Minerva

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Minerva too applauds thy choice;
“ And Venus triumphs in thy love.
“ To waft secure thy darling Fair
“ To Albion’s coast, be mine the care.
“ And smooth shall roll the chrystal tide,
“ As sails thy Queen in beauteous pride,
“ Midst circling Nereids lightly dancing,
“ Hand in hand with smiles advancing,
“ To flutes, that softly breathe around,
“ Whilst murmurs Thames a silver sound.
“ Then Hymen with his filken bands,
“ Shall join your heav’n-directed hands;
“ And ev’ry Briton at the blessing,
“ Joy, extatic joy, expressing,
“ Shall hail th’ auspicious hour.” — Thus speaks the God,
And pierces, quick as light, the bosom of the flood.

V.

Yes, happy Prince! — with bounteous hand,
Kind Heav’n on Thee at once bestows,
The Laurel wreath, the Olive wand,
The Myrtle green, and blooming Rose.
Hence, blest with pleasure’s brightest beams,
Fair Windsor’s feat, and sacred Thames
Shall envy nor Idalia’s grove,
Where Venus oft delights to rove;
Nor Nile’s fam’d stream prolific-flowing,
Golden Autumn round bestowing.----
But since ’tis thine such joys to boast,
Why shou’d the white-wing’d hours be lost?
Thy nectar’d sweets of youth, and love
O! long may rose-lip’d Health improve!
And may Euphrosyne, dispelling
Sorrows round thy Scepter dwelling,
With balmy finger smooth, to Life’s last stage,
The grisly frown of care, and wrinkled brow of age!

Thomas Stevens, B. A. of Trinity College.

GRATULATION.

I.

"**L**OVE and Hymen be thy guide!
" Each gentler air thy sails await,
" Blest Ship, that wastest o'er the tide
" Great GEORGE's Queen in royal state!
" Her's is Albion's sea-girt throne;
" Her's is Albion's far-fam'd King:
" Be thine the glorious care alone
" To British shores th' important trust to bring!"
Such were the words, that o'er the Virgin heart
Scatter'd new joy, and chear'd the pensive Bride,
While laughing Loves the youthful flame impart;
And hope and fear alternate all her soul divide.

II.

On the bosom of the flood
Awhile becalm'd in sweet delay
The pride of Britain's navy stood:
Each Naiad guardian of the sea
Around the favor'd vessel stray'd,
Revolving every presage fair
Where soft repos'd the royal Maid;
When thus again the Genius hails her ear:
" And happy be the Pair, and blest the day!
" And Thou in Love's chaste annals foremost shine,
" Thou best, auspicious sun, whose brighter ray
" Shall GEORGE's princely heart with beauteous CHARLOTTE join.

III.

" Happiest Youth and happiest Fair!
" For not AUGUSTA's every grace
" Engag'd her FREDERIC's tender care
" With nobler mind, or lovelier face,
" Than CHARLOTTE's virtues, CHARLOTTE's form,
" Fairest of all her royal line,
" Her GEORGE's faithful bosom warm
" With endless rapture, truth, and love divine.

M

" Be

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Be Thine, O Prince, the joys thy Parents prov’d ;
“ Be Thine, which Fate deny’d thy Sire, the years :
“ As bright AUGUSTA be thy CHARLOTTE lov’d,
“ But ah ! be shed for Thee no CHARLOTTE’s pious tears !

IV.

“ Britons, see with ravish’d eyes
“ A race of Heroes, race of Kings
“ From these auspicious nuptials rise !
“ With joy each echoing mountain rings !
“ A GEORGE, another GEORGE, they cry,
“ A GEORGE to Britain’s vows is giv’n ;
“ In Him shall patriot hearts enjoy
“ Each choicest, dearest boon of Heav’n.
“ Nor to one only bliss shall Fate confine
“ The princely Bridegroom, and his beauteous Bride ;
“ Their Loves in many a blooming flow’r shall shine,
“ Like to the Royal Pair in worth and beauty’s pride.”

Benjamin Ridding, Scholar of King’s College.

I.

HYMEN, to Thee our prayers ascend ;
To Thee fair Albion’s Sovereigns bend ;
Thy fragrant roses strow :
Their hands let smiling Concord join ;
Venus a myrtle wreath entwine
For GEORGE’ and CHARLOTTE’s brow.

II.

See the brisk Hours on rosy wing
From morn’s bright portal jocund spring,
To hail the happy day ;
Whilst slow retires th’ Hesperian star,
Phœbus impatient mounts his car,
And beams his brightest ray.

GRATULATION.

III.

Look thro' the radiant lifts of time:
Seest thou in any age or clime
A nation blest like this?
A King whose will's the people's voice,
A Queen whose worth's the people's choice,
Accumulate it's bliss.

IV.

Whilst glad to cull each blooming flower,
And deck, bright Pair, your nuptial bower,
Light frisk the purple Loves,
Reason with Joy the work surveys;
And Virtue smiling as they gaze,
Their busy care approves.

V.

Tho' idle Fops, still prone to change,
Like the gay bee incessant range,
'Tis Folly deems them free:
Ye know to yield in Virtue's cause,
To bend the will to Reason's laws
Is real Liberty.

VI.

No wild desires can joy impart;
They please the sense, ne'er reach the heart,
Evaporate and cloy:
Who still pursue, but never fix,
Nor mental charms with sensual mix,
Possess, but ne'er enjoy.

VII.

Hymen, far nobler gifts are thine;
Each social joy, each bliss divine,
That glads the human breast:
Thine is th' extatic mutual glow;
'Tis you the sacred gift bestow,
In blessing to be blest.

VIII. To

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VIII.

To Monarchs power, to Subjects friends,
Nature with kind distinction sends
 From her eternal spring :
But, link'd in Hymen's filken chain,
Monarchs the various blifs attain
 Of Subject and of King.

IX.

Tho' sense and mind which man compose,
Design'd as friends, disjoin'd as foes,
 To different objects tend ;
Yet bound in Hymen's sacred ties
The low, the high discording joys
 Of sense and reason blend.

X.

See the gay bubbles round us play :
Still as we grasp they flit away,
 Emblems of human toys :
But Children lasting pleasures give ;
In them to future times we live,
 And gather future joys.

XI.

If such the blifs of Hymen's state ;
What joys, blest Pair, on you await !
 Beauty and Friendship join'd ;
Beauty, to fill each raptur'd sense ;
Whilst Friendship's vital powers dispense
 The rapture to the mind.

XII.

And when we look to that dread hour,
When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE are no more,
 This hope illumines the breast ;
Still in their Offspring they shall sway :
We in our sons shall hail this day,
 In future ages blest.

Samuel Cooper, B. A. Fellow of Magdalen College.

GRATULATIO.

SICCINE Te tandem per tædia tanta morarum,
Regina, aspicimus? Quoties memor Anglia tanti
Pignoris indoluit? dum turbine pontus iniquo
Infremuit, cœloque malignus sæviit Auster.
Ante omnes animum magno devinctus amore
GEORGIUS ingemuit; dum pectore sæpe recurrit
Fœmineus timor, et pelagi nova forma furentis,
Dispersæque rates et non tractabile cœlum.

Anglia, pone metus; pontum, sua Regna, pererrat
Secura, et dulci Regina allabitur oræ.

At Patrès Proceresque, et hianti gutture Vulgus
Sinceros geminant plausus; populosque voluptas
Una tenet, gelidæ quæ tristibus Orcades undis
Pulsatæ resonant, Dubrinave littora nauta
Aspicit, et longos scopulorum albescere tractus.

Felicem populum! licet improba Gallia pacem
Nunc æquam simulet, nunc subdola bella latronum
In merces agitet, turbamque fatiget inermem:
Cum tamen apparent Britonum vexilla, sub arctos
Effugiunt portus, et navibus invia claustra.

Quin secura quies et divite copia cornu
Regnat amœna domi; dum prodiga fructibus arva
Rusticus exercet, nec Iberis invidet aurum
Quod cædes dedit, et funesta colentibus antra.

Quid memorem classes spoliis Orientis onustas,
Dum frustra surgunt munimina longa, minæque
Murorum ingentes, sparguntque volatile fulmen
Mille tubi? Sed sceptrâ petit, sed mittit Eöas
Lætus opes, servitque Britannis decolor Indus.

Parte aliâ Angliacas temeraria provocat iras,
(Rupibus et vastis tanta est fiducia muris)
Insula: sed vincit pugnis assueta juvenus
Anglica; vicino dum littore territus hostis
Miratur nova bella, atque his insueta triumphis
Agmina; et ostendit verbis minitantibus amens
Fœmineam virtutem et inanes sanguinis iras.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Tu tamen hos toto quæfitos orbe triumphos
Adventu, Regina, auges: hoc defuit unum
Angliacum decus, et patriæ cumulare salutem.
Auspice Te incipient omni diffundier orâ
Gaudia, et annorum procedere lætior ordo.

Digna Viro Regina, et Coniuge digne Marite,
Sera fit illa dies, patriâ quæ solvet amatâ
Cœlestes animas, cognataque mittet ad astra!
Tum vero virtutum et nominis æmula magni,
Deliciæ Britonum, Patriſque ſimillima Proles
Jura dabit latè, et victo dominabitur Orbi.

Guilielmus Poſt, A.B. Collegii Reginalis.

a Metallist

BLEST Art! whose mimic pow'rs inspire
Far distant Souls with mutual fire;
Whose animating lines impart
Such secret transports to the heart;
And from each glowing tint excite
Some kindred passion of delight.
The Youth who pants for warlike fame
To pictur'd Laurels owes his flame:
Nor less the fond, enamour'd swain
To Beauty's form his pleasing pain:
Such as, by skilful artist trac'd,
Thy image, lovely CHARLOTTE, grac'd;
When the soft canvass, held to view,
Could GEORGE's godlike heart subdue.
For charms like Thine, tho' shadow'd, fire;
And in false life awake desire.
The vanquish'd Monarch saw, and lov'd;
Indulgent Heav'n His choice approv'd:
With grateful hearts and joyful cries
Exulting Britons rend the skies.

GRATULATIO.

Then once again, rare Artist, try ;
Let polish'd art with nature vye:
Together paint this Royal Pair,
The glorious Prince, the lovely Fair.
Let thy nice pencil, curious trace
In ev'ry feature ev'ry grace ;
His manly front and awful mien,
Her aspect mild and charms serene.
Let glory fire His dazzling eyes ;
Be Her's persuasion's softer prize.
Then, when thy skill has reach'd its height,
And all that's giv'n to mortal fight
Is by thy mimic art exprest ;
Each Briton's heart shall speak the rest.

There stamp'd in never-fading lines
The image of their Virtue shines ;
Fearless of Time's consuming pow'r,
Or pale Oblivion's silent hour :
Nor there, while British hearts remain,
Shall GEORGE and CHARLOTTE cease to reign.

Charles Moore, Scholar of Trinity College.

ANGLIGENUM valere preces ; et sceptris superbis
Dignus avis atavisque gerit, succurrere nuper
Quem dubiis vidit projecta Britannia rebus,
GEORGIUS. Omnis eum trepidis Germania Regnis,
Indiaque, Eoisque expulsi finibus hostes
Victorem agnoverunt : patriis quin addita templis
Signa triumphati, nuper minitantiæ, Galli
Clara Tibi meritis cinxerunt tempora fertis,
Magne Pater Britonum ! Tibi parent æquora ponti,
Te Dominum Oceanus tuus omnibus ambiit undis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

O felix rerum! O Cœli iustissima cura
Albion! Indigenam triplicis quæ pondera sceptri
Sustentare vides Regem; laudumque per altas,
Præsidio fretum virtutis et auspice cœlo,
Ire vias; circum stabilis famulatur eunti
Fortuna, et firmos illustrat Gloria gressus.

At nec inexploto famæ succendit amore
Ambitio Juvenem: medio in splendore triumph
Flet grave Martis opus, flet tinctas sanguine laurus
Victor ovans; fusos ultro miseratur et hostes.
Pacis amor placidas volvit sub pectore curas;
Dum pietas violata et libertatis avitæ
Læsus honos iusti deposcit fulmina belli,
Ultricesque manus, et segnes suscitât iras.

Hinc Regina, novum lætis decus addita regnis,
Ingentes curas operosaque tædia sceptri
Fœmineis lenit studiis: quam ducere pompam
Anglia stipatam nuper mirata per urbem,
Regales Veneres, Majestatemque serenam
Suspexit; Sceptrumque atque Orbis mystica magni
Pondera ferre dedit dextræ, folioque locavit
GEORGIUS, et meritum fronti præfixit honorem.

Adsis O Hymenæe, favensque hæc fœdera nutu
Confirmes; paribusque accendens pectora flammis,
Connubia hæc longos serves intacta per annos.
Scilicet ut fessum post dura negotia Regem
Alma piis semper curis CHARLOTTA moretur;
Et trepidum sociæ pectus per gaudia vitæ
Dulcibus alloquiis, fidoque ferenet amore.

Mox etiam dignâ felices prole Parentes
Anglia conspiciat; nec pendeat omnis in uno
Spes Britonum. At cladem si quam fortuna minetur,
(Dii removete omen!) si, nostris invida rebus,
Eripiat miseris columen Libitina Britannis;
Restet adhuc Heros, in quem turbata reclinet
Albion. Ille Patrum præclara exempla secutus

Usque

GRATULATIO.

Usque memor repetat, Patriis virtutibus Anglos
Ille regat. Quotiesque retorta resuscitet arma
In miseras gentes insana superbia Galli,
Injustas Hic frangat opes; semperque labantis
Europæ invigilet fatis, victorque minaces
Usque premat populos, subjectum lenis in hostem.

Salve magna Parens regum, pulcherrima rerum
Anglia! non Classis tibi quod dominatur in undis,
Tutaque in extremas commercia porrigit oras:
Nec quia, dum trepidum vastat furor impius Orbem,
Inconcussa sedens, pacatos desuper agros,
Arvaque despectas propriis habitata colonis:
Sed quia, qui longum firma hæc tibi munera servet,
Insignem pietate, et libertatis Avitæ
Custodem; populique et sceptri jura tueri
Aspicias Juvenem: quia, magni præscia partûs,
Connubia optata, et lætos celebrare hymenæos
Spectâris Regem. Non illâ stirpe creatum
Degenerem oppressi flebunt Heroa Britanni:
At patrii mores, et GEORGÎ vivida virtus
Extremos laudum succendet amore nepotes.
Scilicet et feris olim volventibus annis,
BRUNSVICI genus, integrâ virtute suorum,
Angligenum firmabit opes; victrixque per omnes
Proferet imperium terras; et leniet iras
Certantum populorum, et justo examine jura
Expendens, positis componet secula bellis,
Pacatasque reget placido moderamine gentes.

T. Wakefield, C. C. C. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

AS Virtue late her shrine survey'd,
To see what incense Mortals paid ;
" Alas! She cry'd, in piteous tone,
" How cold my votaries are grown!
" Whilst Vice can boast her Altars high,
" Loaded with victims to the Sky.
" Yet, in these light immoral days,
" He who fair Albion's Scepter sways,
" To me, great GEORGE the good, the wise,
" Presents his daily Sacrifice :
" Each fordid passion of the Soul,
" Each wish unus'd to bear controul,
" He dooms to crown my Altars bright,
" Victims thrice precious in my fight!
" Around his Throne my Offspring fair
" Attend with unremitted care.
" Here Prudence with prophetic mien
" And thought profound is ever seen ;
" There Temperance serene of brow,
" In whose fresh cheeks Health's roses blow :
" See next where awful Justice stands
" With conscience free and empty hands ;
" And Fortitude robust of form,
" More dreadful than the rushing storm."

She said : and instant on the wing
To the fam'd Acidalian spring,
She sought the Virgin Graces three,
There join'd in sweetest amity.
Soon as she saw each lovely Maid,
With courteous address She said :
" Lives there, ye Graces! on the earth
" One lovely Maid of Royal Birth,
" In whose charms united shine
" Aglaia's Air, and Form divine,
" Euphrosyne's soft feeling Heart
" And sweet Thalia's pleasing art?"

Behold!

GRATULATION.

Behold! Aglaia first arise;
And graciously the Nymph replies.
" Yes, Goddess! we combin'd t' impart
" The charms of person, head, and heart,
" To fair CHARLOTTA gentle dame,
" Bright object of undying fame.
" I polish'd every native Grace
" That beam'd its lustre from her Face.
" I taught her Elegance refin'd,
" With motion how t' express her mind,
" Airs that steal the captive Soul
" Unconscious of the soft controul."

Euphrosyne then smiling said:
" My hand too form'd the tender Maid.
" I taught her generous Heart to glow
" With Friendship's flame at other's woe;
" To drop the sympathetic Tear,
" And turn to want a list'ning Ear."

Thalia last of sprightly air,
Graceful, quick and debonnair,
Thus spoke: " From me She caught the art
" How best each pleasing thought t' impart,
" To charm the ear, or win the heart. }
" I gave her Fancy ever new,
" And Judgment piercing, quick and true.
" I tun'd her Voice, and form'd her Tongue
" To emulate the Syren's song."

Virtue o'erjoy'd, engag'd the Fair
So finish'd by each Grace's care,
And gave her to great GEORGE's arms,
Whose worth alone deserves Her charms.

John Lettice, B.A. Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

SIC Tibi fit fessæ requies, sic detonet omnis
Armorum fragor, et vasto de littore Mavors
Tandem vertat equos; precibus, Germania, reddas
Incolumem, quæ missa tuis de finibus Anglûm
Sceptra gerat: Tu NASSOVIUM, tu provida custos
BRUNSVICIA de stirpe Ducem, bis læta Triumph
Causa, dabas: Neque enim nostri tibi cura recessit,
Necdum pulsus amor: Eadem nova fœdera, faulrix
Angligenûm, de more paras; nova traditur Hospes,
Quæ magni comes imperii, quæ regia Mater
Indigenâ feros tueatur Prole nepotes.

Alma Sponsa veni! Zephyri si læva moretur
Aura viam, si cæca furens ciat æquora; vana
Ventorum nil ira valet, nil concita fundo
Æquora: Te dominam vigilantior Anglia custos
Ambiet Oceani Regina; iter illa per undas,
Dulce ministerium, patriæ famulata parenti
Expediet: Tibi enim, fatis Tibi debita Proles,
Quæ, Proavos imitata, maris sibi regna Paterna
Arroget, emeritum pelagi fortita Tridentem.

Alma Sponsa veni, Britonum magis omnibus una
Visa salus, thalamo magis omnibus una jugali
Cæsareo dignata! Domum si mœsta paternam
Liqueris, externos Conjux aditura penates;
Si moriens leti citiùs concefferit umbris
Connubii præfaga Parens; en altera sedes!
Alter amor! nova sollicitum simul Anglia Mater
In gremium vocat, et Regum jubet esse Parentem!

O Patria, O Cœli auxilium testata, per orbem
Attonitum belli passim dum tristis Enyo
Ægide concussâ ciet illætabile murmur;
Tu medios inter strepitus agis otia, in ipso
Pacem Marte colens. Metuat sibi Gallia ponti
Imperio depulsa; petat fugitiva latebras,
Queis miseras classis portu vix tuta recondat
Reliquias: tu festa paras, tu læta Hymenæi

GRATULATIO.

Munia, prole novâ partos auctura triumphos.

Tuque adeo præfens Pater, et spes una tuorum
Angligenûm, Conjux idem simul optimus audi!
Scilicet in thalamos dextro venit omine Virgo,
Quæ regni grave fallat onus, solata laborem
Lenibus alloquiis; similem quæ mutua flammam
Suscitet; et Genetrix, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Brunsvicio dignam pariat de sanguine pubem;
Quæ Britonum, si forte olim volventibus annis
Irrita perjuri violârint fœdera Galli,
Ultrix indefessa, suum sibi vindicet æquor,
Et patriis iterum cogat sub legibus hostem.

Benj. Heath, Coll. Regalis Alumnus.

ILL-BODING Fears away;
And all the sickly train of black Despair
With self-consuming Care,
Vanish, like shades, before the rising day:
Hie to some chearless grove,
As midnight dark, where sun-beams ne'er are seen
The clust'ring trees between;
Or to some lonely cloyster drear and pale,
Where meagre Phantoms sail:
There 'midst wan shapes and nightly horrors rove.

Rising on this happy Isle
Pleasure sheds her morning smile;
Op'ning to the genial rays,
The bud of Joy it's leaves displays:
Love and Glory now agree
To form a guiltless Jubilee.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

British Nymphs your lays prepare ;
Greet, O! greet this Royal Fair :
For sure much Grace and Beauty dwells
In Her, who even you excels.
British swains that wont to charm
With Celia's praise the lonely farm,
Now a loftier strain express
Sacred to GEORGE, and Happiness ;
GEORGE, who in the rolls of Fame
High exalts the British name.
Let every feature in our Isle
Form itself into a smile :
Let each loyal foot advance
In a many-winding dance.

Come, fair Peace! with olive wand,
(Too long a stranger to this Land)
Join the jovial choir of Youth,
And all the sisterhood of Truth :
And each and all with glee conspire
To strike the silver-sounding lyre,
Whose magic strains shall quick impart
To the mazes of the heart
Raptures, that never know to cloy.
These with nicest skill apply ;
And amidst the sprightly throng
Raise a sweet-enchanted Song :
Your notes to Royal CHARLOTTE give,
In whom the purest virtues live.

Hither come, at GEORGE's call,
Bright Euphrosyne! and all
The Nymphs, who wait on favour'd Man,
And strive to bless Him all they can.
Thou too Erato combine,
With all the chorus of the Nine :
Sing of GEORGE in honour drest,
Tow'ring vict'ry for His crest,

GRATULATIO.

Whom the bounteous Powers above
 Have blest with CHARLOTTE and with Loye.
 Yet why your Presence do I ask,
 Full glad of such a welcome task?
 Why call I You to Britain's plain?
 To bid You leave it would be vain.

But now each British bosom fraught
 With all the warmth that Love e'er taught
 Still prays (and may their Pray'rs prevail)
 That Britain's blessings ne'er may fail.
 We ask not of the Pow'rs above
 Britain's blessings to improve.

John Cooke, B.A. of Trinity College.

INDUE regalem, populo plaudente, coronam;
 Sceptra, globum, GEORGI, dextra, sinistra, gerant;
 Veridicæ Imperio pergant te dicere Musæ
 Formâ, animo forti, consilioque parem:
 Dulcius adde decus, formosam, pronuba Juno,
 CHARLOTTAM, tantas quæ geminabit opes.
 Vixdum, care, tenes fortem virtutibus æquam:
 Novimus; heu! majus sed nihil Orbis habet.

Edvardus Tilson, Aul. Pemb. Alumnus

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

א מזמור חרש שירו ברת

שירו שיר ליהוה מלך

כי לנו יהוה נתן

אביר צדיק חכם מלך

ב כמטר ירד על אדמה

כשמש כבוד כל הפרה

כה מלך דרור ישמיע

הוד עם מעלה יפגיע

ג מים נבחר מיטב בצר

כאש אורו בליל מזהיר

דרור חפש אשרי מיטב

שפע ברכות היא נתיב

ד הלכה ישמה גם גברים

וזקנים אף כן בחורים

לעולם יהי ברוך שבו

ארץ כל גוים יאשרהו

ה מי זאת ממרחק באה

שמע טבך קרב לנו

תן וחיל בך מלאה

עלי שור קו עינינו

ו מכל נשים הוא רשנית

תאר יפת מראה יפת

תמלא ארץ כבודה

תמהו כל גוים הודה

GRATULATION.

I.

O Thou! pure Minister of light,
 That erst in Eden's fragrant grove
 Led'st on to Adam's ravish'd sight,
 Array'd in dignity and love,
 Fair Eve, the mother of mankind;
 Who, by first proof of nuptial bliss,
 Surpass'd at once, and all refin'd
 The native charms of Paradise;
 Descend, and strike the tuneful band
 With pure Affection's sacred wand;
 Strike all the heart-strings, till they move
 In unison with virtuous love:
 Each finer feeling of the Soul explore;
 Joy's secret springs reveal, and Friendship's growing store.
 For well I ween, on that auspicious day,
 Which bless'd the Sire of Man's high favour'd race,
 Thou sang'st, mid Angel choirs, some plausive lay,
 Pleas'd the Creator in his works to trace:
 While Eden's vale more beauteous show'd,
 While all around Creation glow'd
 With life and light divine;
 And every warbler swell'd his throat,
 And Echo caught each gladsome note,
 Man's nuptial Hymn to join.

II.

Hail wedded Love! mysterious charm,
 Peculiar happiness of Man;
 Forever Thou the heart shalt warm,
 When other joys their course have ran.
 What tho', the child of early Youth,
 From Instinct we must trace thy birth;
 Rear'd at the breast of pure-eyed Truth,
 'Tis Reason forms thy growing worth.
 Behold yon shallow, dimpling stream,
 That thro' the grass just shoots a gleam:

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Long e'er its widening course it gain,
And bear it's tribute to the Main,
Some towered City shall it proudly lave,
And waft the wealth of Ind upon it's copious wave.
So burns, refining, chaste Affection's fire,
By Passion spread on Virtue's hallow'd shrine;
Flames with each pure, benevolent desire;
And, brightening as it mounts, becomes divine.
Source of each soft endearing tie,
Parent of each domestic joy,
Sweet solacer of woe;
To Thee the Virgin's virtuous shame,
To Thee the Matron's spotless fame,
Each grace refin'd we owe.

III.

Passion sublime! Thou scorn'st to fear
Or Fortune's frown, or Tyrants rage:
'Tis thine Affliction's heart to chear,
And Death's own horrors to assuage.
Envious of bliss He ne'er could prove,
The ruthless Tyrant gave the word;
"Dissolve the charm of wedded Love;
"Let Arria mourn her honour'd Lord."
Calm, but resolv'd the Matron stood,
With firm regard her Pætus view'd:
The fatal blade intrepid drew,
And striking look'd her last adieu;
While smiles, scarce dying with her parting breath,
Avow'd immortal love, and triumph'd over death.
Hail hallow'd Union! choicest boon on earth;
Thy bliss-conferring power all stations own,
Or where Thou glad'st the Peasant's social hearth,
Or steal'st from toils the Monarch on his throne.
Doom'd to the noise of Flattery's tongue,
Press'd by the bold rapacious throng,

GRATULATION.

Unblest'd His days must end;
Till virtuous Love serene his breast,
And lull his thousand cares to rest,
With some fair bosom friend.

IV.

See the young Eastern Tyrant's pride,
His jealous eye, his fullen air:
He seeks no single, happy Bride;
By turns He views each captive Fair.
But soon their rifled charms shall cloy;
Soon shall the restless rover find,
He that will bliss sincere enjoy
Must seek it in th' harmonious mind.
The Monarch of blest'd Albion's Isle
Disdains the false, the slavish smile:
He seeks the sympathetic Soul,
That knows nor art's nor fear's controul;
The Lips that breath Affection's balmy lore,
The busy to beguile, and charm the vacant hour.
O Power supreme! who guard'st Britannia's weal,
And crown'st her arms with victories not her own;
To multiply the happiness we feel,
On GEORGE and CHARLOTTE shower thy mercies down:
Be Their's each peaceful Art to rear,
From Virtue's eye to wipe the tear,
And modest Worth sustain:
O! may their Race mid blessings rise;
And, when They seek the happier skies,
O'er grateful Britons reign.

William Bell, M.A.

Fellow of Magdalen College.

Founder of Scholarships, whole being

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

JAM tandem rediit secura Britannica classis,
Expandens liquidum victricia signa per orbem.
Undique visendi studio jam læta Juventus
Circumfusa ruit; fremitu exceptura secundo,
Quam voluit dignam comitem, populique Parentem
GEORGIUS, Angliacique dedit consortia regni.

Te, FREDERICE, juvet media inter fulmina belli
Ære ciere viros, dubiumque accendere Martem;
Tu multâ jubeas campos pinguescere cæde,
Hostilique geras rorantes sanguine laurus:
Hæ tibi sint artes. At clausa repagula Jani
Te, GEORGI, geminique simul commercia mundi
Nobilitent: Britonumque procul de finibus exul
Sanguinea indomitum tollat Bellona furorem.
Quin, si quis Divûm placidus mortalia curat,
Angligenûm si vota valent; Huc, Diva, relinquens
Dilectam Cypron, bacchataque Amoribus arva,
Flecte pedem, nostros haud indignata triumphos:
Adsit lætus Hymen tædis felicibus; adsit
Gratia quæque comes, stipante Cupidine multo;
Prospera nec lævum connubia polluat omen.

Jamdudum invidiam vicinis Anglia terris
Movit, et attonitos præsens agnoscere Numen
Edocuit Gallos; seu vellent jura Tridentis
Arripere, aut latis Mindæ dominarier arvis.
At nondum summa ascendit fastigia rerum;
Ultima nec tribuit fors hæc; majora Britannis
Jam licet audere, et fatis melioribus uti:
Dum fraudum Deus ultor adest, dum jura tuetur
GEORGIUS, et nova BRUNSVICIO de sanguine Proles
In Patriæ decus exoritur; quæ, laudis avitæ
Usque memor, doceat violantem fœdera Gallum,
Quid Britonum vires, quid bello mascula virtus
Possit in infidas famâ ducente cohortes.
Quin nec te levis ambit honor, Lux inclyta regni
Altera; quæ thalamos fortiris digna Mariti,

Sæpe

GRATULATIO.

Sæpe Virum frustra voluit quem plurima Virgo
Regia, quem multi Generum petiere Tyranni.
Quòd nisi spes vanæ arrident, nisi devius error
Fallaci miseram deludit imagine gentem ;
Conjugii cernent etiam ultima secula vestri
Munera, venturos inter veneranda Nepotes.

Henricus Whitfeld, Aul. Pemb. Alumnus.

STROPHE I.

WELCOME, golden Eye of day,
Ever young, and ever bright ;
Thou, whose splendor drives away
Ebon shades of dusky night,
When the rosy-finger'd Hours
Heav'n's eternal gates unfold ;
When the dewy Morning show'rs
Drops from clouds of fleecy gold :
Shed around thy fairest beams
From thy ray-encircled brow :
Gild the woods, and gild the streams ;
Bid the tide of pleasure flow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Gentle Zephyrs, breathe around,
Gentle as Elysian air ;
While the Flute's harmonious sound
Greets the lovely, Royal Pair.
Hark ! I hear the tuneful choir,
Sons of science, crown'd with bays,
Boldly sweep the living lyre ;
Chaunting hymns of loyal praise :
See, on Camus' banks they stand,
Twining wreaths that never fade ;
Music waves her magic wand,
In the sacred laurel shade.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

EPODE I.

Such were the strains that erst Amphion sung,
E'er learning's radiance mild had dawn'd on Greece;
Or the soft accents of persuasion's tongue
Taught ruder minds the polish'd arts of Peace:

Then Echo bore the notes away
Along the mountain's rugged side;
And o'er the river's silver tide:
All nature listen'd to the tuneful lay.

STROPHE II.

Love, and Music sprung from Heav'n,
Sov'reigns of the human Soul,
Are by Nature wisely giv'n
Ruder passions to controul.
Sultry India's tawny Sons
Own the tender, soft desire:
E'en the climes which Phœbus shuns
Catch the rays of Beauty's fire.
Beauty's empire far extends
O'er the Ocean's wide domain;
From the World's extremest ends
To Britannia's happy plain.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In the youthful Monarch's breast
Thames's banks have nurs'd the flame:
Venus, ever-welcome guest,
Courts the gen'rous sons of Fame.
When his sword the Warriour sheathes,
Then the mild ideas flow;
Laurel crowns, and myrtle wreaths
Blended grace the Hero's brow.
Happy Island! happy King!
Where the free-born Subjects live;
Where the circling Seasons bring
All that Love and Glory give.

EPODE

GRATULATIO.

EPODE II.

Britannia views not with an envious eye
The fruitful regions of eternal Spring;
Where pleasing shades the citron groves supply,
And ev'ry gale wafts odours on it's wing.
She loves the Prince whose pow'ful arms
Spread to each Pole her fair renown;
She loves the Queen whose pow'ful charms
Reflect a brighter radiance on the Throne.

STROPHE III.

O'er the foam-besilver'd seas
As the gilded Vessel rode,
Courting ev'ry gentle breeze;
Hoary Neptune hush'd the flood:
From their moss-grown chrystal caves
All the Nereids of the main
'Midst the deep encircling waves
Sung aloud the choral strain:
Strains of joy to Britain's Isle,
Hymns that breath'd prophetic rage;
Such as made old Ocean smile,
Tidings of a golden Age.

ANTISTROPHE III.

" From the Royal Marriage-bed
" See a race of Heroes rise;
" Form'd the Troops of War to lead,
" Form'd for deeds of high emprise:
" Noble, gen'rous, good, and great,
" Worthy of the BRUNSWIC Line;
" Sons of glory, doom'd by Fate
" Bright in honour's field to shine.
" See, beneath their soft'ring care
" Commerce spreads the flowing sail:
" Freedom's banners fan the air;
" Plenty crowns each laughing vale.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

EPODE III.

“ Go, gentle Fair, in beauty’s bloom array’d;
“ While Guardian Pow’rs protect Thee from above;
“ And may thy charms, and virtues be repaid
“ With purest happiness, and endless love!
“ Go, gentle Fair, and wide diffuse
“ The nurture of thy bounteous hand:
“ So shall the numbers of the Muse
“ Proclaim Thee Sovereign of a grateful Land.

J. Cowper, B. A. C. C. C.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

ΜΟΪΡΑ, παμμήτωρ βιότῃ, ἀνέρων
Τὰς τύχας αἰεὶ σφαλερὰς δονεῖ·
Ἄλλ’ ὄντιν’ ἄρδει χεύμαλι χρυσοφόρῳ
Ἀγλαῶ πλέτῃ, ἀρετὰν θαλερὰν
Καὶ τὰς δίκας σκάπλον διδῶσα,
Ὀλβίός ἐσι βροτῶν.
Ὅ δ’ Ἀναξ μὲν χρυσὸς Βρεῖανῶν
Τὸν λιπαρὸν πόδ’ ἔχει
Κρητὶδ’ ἐν ταύτῃ· τὸν Θεοὶ
Ὑπερφιλῆνες, ὤφεισῶς
Οὐρανία κραδίην σοφίᾳ
Φαιδρωῶσιν, καὶ ὑπὲρ
Λίην ἐρασὸν σόμα
Μέλῃι τῷ ἀβρῶ βρέχουσιν.

ἈΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

Χαῖρ’ Ἀναξ· Σοὶ Μοῖσα πλέκει τὸ μέλῳ·
Σάμερον τ’ εὐημερίας πατέρω
Αὐτὸν Ὑμέναιον προσκαλεί, ἀπαλὰν
Ἰμέρων ἅπλυσσα φλόγ’ ἠδυσιάτων.

Ἦκει

G R A T U L A T I O.

Ἦκει Θεός γ' αὐτός, χορὸν τε
 Ἐς θαλάμοιο μυχὰς
 Προάγει. Εἰράνα καὶ ἐγγυὺς
 Προσφιλάα, πολίων
 Θρέπειε ἄρα τῶν λαορέφων,
 Ζωῆς τε μάτῃ μακάρισας.
 ὦ ἄνεμοι, ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἁλὸς
 Προσπνέοντες μαλθακῶς,
 Δεῦρ' εἰς ἐμὴν παλῆίδα
 Ἀγέτε τὰν δῖαν Θεάων.

ΕΠΩΔΟΣ.

Τῶν ἐρημαίων ἀπὸ μὲν πεδίων,
 Οὐ μαίνεται ἐσιώμεν
 Αἰμοδόροισι μάχαις
 Ἄρης, πλερωταὶ Ναῆς ὑπὲρ πελάγους
 Νῶτα τὰν Νύμφαν φέροντες
 Ταῖς Χαρίτεσσι φίλην, καὶ γλυκεροῖς
 Μέλλουσιν ἐκχοσμεῖν γάμοις
 Νᾶσον Ἐλευθερίας.
 ὦ βάλλετε μοι τὸν Ἀνακλᾶ νέον,
 Κῆφοι Ἐρωτες, καὶ γόνον
 Ποιεῖτε θάλλειν εἰσποπίσω
 Ὀλβιον, καὶ αἰὲν ἀειπρεπέα
 Ἐμμεναι ἐν τοῖς Βεβίανοῖς.

Thomas Zouch, A.B. Coll. S. S. Trin.

& *Academiae Scholaris.*

YES; 'tis to Virtuous deeds alone belong

The hallowed raptures of Poetic Song.

These shall the Muse from black Oblivion tear,

And high aloft th' eternal Column rear.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

These in thy godlike Youth, dread Prince, display
Their beams, and gild the Morning of thy Day.
For these the Bard surveys the path of Fame:
He kindles at the Patriot Monarch's name;
And, twining for his sacred head the bays,
Pours the rich dew of unpolluted praise.

The signal victories our Arms obtain
Describe the glorious op'ning of thy reign.
See, how each Nation shrinks at war's alarms,
And dreads the Sons of Liberty in arms.
In vain dejected Gallia tries once more
Her blasted strength and glory to restore:
Where'er appears Britannia's Naval host,
They fill with tremblings all th' affrighted coast.
Proud Asia's lofty Monarchs bend the knee,
And yield their wide dominion unto Thee.
Thy pow'r, extending o'er Canadian plains,
Checks the rude hunter in his wild domains.
Germania! thou to after-times shalt be
A monument of British bravery:
There valour all her chosen laurels brought,
And Minden testifies how Granby fought.
At home thy Sons with equal lustre shine;
While in one cause the Prince and People join.
No factions rage, no civil broils untie
The well-knit cords of social harmony.
For, like th' immortal Orator of old,
A statesman steady, provident and bold,
Emerg'd, as oft from clouds the Solar ray,
And chear'd Britannia with returning day.
O! for a spark of heav'nly Patriot fire
These weak and lowly numbers to inspire:
Then my ambition's pride should be to raise
To Pitt the Trophy of undying Praise.

But see new objects now the Muse employ,
Subjects of softer, not less public joy.

Behold

GRATULATION.

Behold the great completion of the scene;
The royal Consort, the expected Queen!
In crouds far distant Nations shall resort
To view the splendor of Britannia's court;
Example see with dignity command,
And spread benign it's influence o'er the land.
May Albion's daughters copy from the Throne
Graces and virtues they may make their own!
May beauty's charms by wisdom be refin'd,
And honour fix it's empire in the mind!

Those, on whose tender age and blooming years
Their Country hopes of future glory rears;
Those, who from birth distinguish'd honours claim,
And shine, like Stars, to lead the rest to Fame;
Behold, and with unusual raptures smile,
The young Telemachus of Britain's isle;
A sage, unerring Mentor by his side,
His best Instructor, and his truest Guide!
Who taught his infant Reason to explore
The precious monuments of ancient store:
Display'd the arduous duties of a State,
And all the cares that round a Monarch wait.

Discord, henceforth thy hellish arts shall cease:
The days to come be Harmony and Peace!
Rising I see a great illustrious line,
Where Virtue with immortal praise shall shine.
Th' Historian's pen with conscious pride shall tell
How Britons in each polish'd art excel:
And youthful Bards in soaring numbers sing
Of Albion's glories and of Albion's King.

Stephen Sullivan, Scholar of Emmanuel College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

SAXONICAS sedes, quas tu, pater Albi, pererras,
Virgo tenet, mente ante alias insignis et ore :
Huic genus a Proavis ingens, huic inclyta Fama,
Et Famam et Proavos superans pulcherrima Virtus.

Talem animo, talem formâ sibi Regius optat
Jungere connubio Juvenis, cui subdita parent
Æquora; qui leni felix moderamine gentem
Angligenûm tenet, et populo dat jura volenti.
Ecquando cõiere tuâ sub lege jugali
Tales, O Hymenæe, pares virtutibus ambo?
Adfis, O Hymenæe Hymen, diademate cingens
Tempora ; non tales Sponfos tua ferta decebunt.

Quin date vela citi, juvenes ; laxate rudentes ;
Tendite felices optata ad littora cursus.
Tuque adeo Charitum incedens medio agmine Virgo,
Ipsa Charis, lætæ pede fausto infiste carinæ :
Nec patere optantem frustra languere Maritum ;
Qui Te, virginibus prælatam ex omnibus unam
Quas fœcunda sinu nutrit Germania, ducit
Participem thalami, et tanto dignatur honore.
O Hymenæe Hymen, non ulla per æquora jactes
Te simili similem Sponsam vexisse Marito.

Dum navis pretioso oneri timet, æqua quiescant
Stagna salis : molles Eurus clementior auras
Spiret : et, O ! Patriæ si vobis cura, Britanni,
BRUNSVICII si Regis amor, cava littora cursu
Quærite, et Oceani Reginam agnoscite : vestros
Ingeminetque Echo plausus ; atque, invida Gallis,
Portet ad oppositam saxi resonantibus oram.
O Hymenæe Hymen, nullâ Victoria classe
Gaudia tanta tulit, gentemque beavit ovantem.

Accensi studiis ut convenere frequentes
Permisti senibus juvenes ! mora nulla retardat
Matronas ætate graves, mora nulla puellas.
Vix numeros via densa capit : felicia jactant
Omina, festivumque cient Pæana canentes.

GRATULATIO.

O Hymenæe Hymen, lætâ Te voce salutat
Anglia ; non ullis magis exoptata tulisti.

Ipse etiam, ingenti procerum stipante catervâ,
Regius incedit Sponsus ; quem læta Juventas
Florentem rapit ad Sponsam, sanctusque Cupido.
Incessu Regem agnoscens simul Ipsa, nitentes
Virgineo Conjux vultus perfusa rubore,
Annuit optanti tacitè, et pia fœdera firmat.
Salvete, O geminum Patriæ decus ! unus, avete,
Ætatis præsentis Amor, Spes una futuræ !
Ecquid adhuc restat gratâ quod voce precemur
Auctius, in tali felices sorte, Britanni ?
O Hymenæe Hymen, Proles oriatur, Avorum
Æmula, virtutisque sequax laudisque Parentum !

Georgius Tymms, Aulæ de Clare Alumnus.

I.
THE Patriot, who with steadfast soul
Supports his Country's injur'd Laws ;
The Chief, who thro' th' embattl'd throng
Springs foremost on th' advancing foes,
Prepar'd with victory to crown the plain,
Or leave his lifeless trunk among the glorious slain ;

II.
Must in the tomb forgotten lie,
Unless the heav'n-born Muses raise
(Wisdom and valour's richest meed)
Th' enraptur'd Song ; and in their lays
To distant realms their godlike deeds proclaim,
And vindicate from envious death their matchless fame.

III.
The statues, temples, haughty piles,
And tow'rs whose summits brav'd the sky,
The sport of Time's consuming pow'r,
Prone on the earth all moulder'd lie ;

T

And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

And the base coward, in the silent grave,
Refts scatter'd and confounded with the great and brave.

IV.

Bring then, ye Nine, from Pindus' heights
And Pimpla's springs your tuneful choirs:
For GEORGE compose the lofty Ode;
To CHARLOTTE wake your new-strung lyres:
Controul Oblivion's tyrannizing sway;
To late posterity their princely Worth convey.

V.

Of Ages past the scene review,
Of Heroes old the order long,
Of storied Nymphs the loveliest train:
Is ought so worthy of your song,
As those fair virtues in our GEORGE combin'd,
As those celestial beams that shoot from CHARLOTTE's mind?

VI.

Tell ye to hoary Kings what grace
In GEORGE's every deed appears,
Tho' in the dawn of Empire's day,
Untutor'd by a length of years.
Tell to Britannia's sons, that in his breast
Stand his lamented Grandfire's noble aims confest.

VII.

Tho' Vict'ry wreaths around his brows
From Louis' head the glories torn;
Tho' smiling Plenty round him pours
The choicest treasures from her horn:
Yet Temp'rance plum'd within his breast disarms
The deadly darts of pow'r, and mocks fell Circe's charms.

VIII.

His is the glory to sustain
Religion, Virtue, Europe's cause;
To curb Ambition's headstrong rage;
Teach Sov'reigns what are Sov'reigns laws;
On all, the sweets of Freedom to bestow;
For those proud Gallia feels, and Austria fears the blow.

IX. Loud

GRATULATION.

IX.

Loud round his fearless bosom beats
The brunt of war's impetuous shocks:
But He, by wisest councils led,
Unruffled, as his native rocks,
Wards off the tempest from his threaten'd Isle;
Bids there the peaceful Olive with the Laurel smile:

X.

Whilst his auspicious arms extend
His empire over India's fields;
Whilst bleeding Canada to him
Her vast demesne and treasure yields;
Whilst from her trembling shores affrighted France
Sees her despairing Bellisle own his potent lance.

XI.

Yet not alone those glorious toils
The Monarch's active thoughts engage;
His anxious cares extend to bless,
To leave to the succeeding age,
A living Monument of that heav'nly mind,
Which constitutes him Patron of oppress'd mankind.

XII.

And as the Eagle seeks a mate
Form'd of the same congenial fire;
Whose Royal breast the same delights,
The same heroic feats inspire:
So He selects Strelitzian CHARLOTTE's charms,
To share his courted crown, and grace his youthful arms.

XIII.

That day Britannia's happiest stars
Their kindest rays and influence shed;
In sign of joy, all Nature deck'd
With livelier hues her with'ring head:
Exulting Hymen clapt his joyful wings,
To join his best of Daughters to the pride of Kings.

Hail

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

XIV.

Hail gracious Queen! to regal sway
Design'd by the decrees of fate;
Whose ev'ry gesture awful Love
And Dignity imperial wait:

Hail gracious Queen! to these thrice happy lands,
Which feel no victors rage, nor dread invaders hands.

XV.

Why did ye, envious Winds, detain
The Fair one from her Hero's fight?
Vain envy! while the kind delay
Endears to GEORGE the precious freight.

Their fears dispell'd, may Love's propitious pow'r
With years of lengthen'd bliss reward each anxious hour.

XVI.

Ye guardian Angels, Pow'rs benign,
Exert your strength; indulgent blest
That day in each revolving year,
With fairer marks of great success:

It's fleeting minutes with glad Omens guide,
That first saluted her illustrious GEORGE's Bride.

XVII.

For under their auspicious sway
Intestine Fury, child of hell,
Like the fierce Tyger deeply gor'd,
Shall in some lonely cavern dwell,

Sequester'd far from blest Britannia's shore;
And there to the deaf cliffs in bitter anguish roar.

XVIII.

The valiant Scots, to perjur'd France
No longer dupes, on Forth's fair banks
Shall draw no more the threat'ning sword,
No more collect their hostile ranks:

Nor Boyne behold his waves with limbs o'erspread,
Or crimson'd with the blood of the rebellious dead.

But

G R A T U L A T I O.

XIX.

But white-rob'd Loyalty instead
 Shall on her throne triumphant reign ;
 Contending Parties only strive
 Their Sov'reign's gracious smiles to gain :
 Duty and Love in mingling streams shall meet,
 And leave the royal Pair's connubial joys compleat.

W. Gilbank, Scholar of St. John's College.

ΟΙΟΝ γηθοσύνη πύλις ἴαχεν, οἷα Βρεττανοὶ
 Ἐξαπίνης ἐχάρισαν, ὅλην δ' ἀνὰ νῆσον αἰοιδῇ
 Μισσάων κελάδησε συνηδομένη Βασιλῆϊ.

ὦ Νᾶξ, ἥ μάλα πολλὰ Θεός σοι δῶρα παρέσχε περ
 Ουρανόθεν παρέπεμψε· σὲ μὲν πάντας ἐθηκε
 Ζηλωτὸν θνητοῖσι, τεῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀπείρεται ἀρχῇ
 Πόντος ἐπὶ ξέπεται, καὶ ἐπ' ἔχαια τέεμαλα γαίης
 Ἀλλοδαπῶν δεδίασι τεὸν μένος ἔθνεα φωτῶν.
 Τῶν ἦτοι καὶ τόσον ἱαινόμεθ', ὥς ὅτι σείο
 Παρθένος εἰς θάλαμον ἀνέβησατο, ἥ μὲν αὖτος
 Παντοίων χαρίτων, ἀρετῆς δ' ἠδὲ δῖον ἄγαλμα.

Τίπτε φίλην, Ἄνεμοι, τόσον χρόνον εἴχετε Νύμφην
 Ἀρβυλάον καὶ κύμα; τίη δ' ἀνεβάλλετο χάσμα
 Ἡμέτερον Ζεφύργιο βαρυπνεύοντες αἵηται;
 Ἡ πᾶ μιν ποθέεσκε Πόσις, ποθέεσκε δὲ λαός·
 Πολλάκι δ' εἰς πόντον δρεκέσκετο, πολλάκι δ' αὖτε
 Εὐχέτο, μελλέσει τ' ἐπεμέμψατο πολλάκι νῆι.
 Οὐδὲ μάτην εὐχὰς ποιησάμεθ'· ἦλθες, Ἄνασσα,
 Ἦλθες δὴ ποτὶ θῆνα· σὲ δ' ἐξονέεσσα θάλαττα,

U

Οὐτε

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

"Ουτε πνοαί, φοβερῆς τε βοή ἐνέπληξεν ἀέλλης.
 Ἀλλά σε δῆτ' ἀδεᾶ τε καὶ ἀτρεμον ἠγάθεν ἄλμη
 Γαῖαν ἐς Ἀγλίακην· ἐνθ' ἐκέτι δεινὸν Ἄρη^Θ
 Μῶλον ὑπερθερμέεις, πολέμῳ τ' αλίαςον αὐτήν.
 Ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεδαποῖσι μάχη θορύβησιν ἐν ἀγροῖς,
 Εὐθάδε σοι μαλακοὶ ἄρ' ὁμαρίησιν Ἐρωτες.
 Οὐ μὲν ἔ, Βασίλισσα, μάτην ἢ Μοῖρα τόσαισι
 Κόσμησεν σ' ἀρετῇσι· σὺ δ' ἀξία ἐξεφάνθης
 Ἦν ἄλοχον δέξαι^{λο} ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ, ἥ δὲ Βεβλανῶν
 Λαὸς ὅλ^Θ πείθῃται ἐκέσιν, ἥ τ' ἄρα πάντα
 Κύματα δαλεύῃσιν ἀτρέμον^Θ Ωκεανοῖο.
 Εἶπερ δ' αὖ σε λύρης λιγυρὴ τέρεπῃσιν αἰοδῇ,
 Οὐκὶ σιωπηλὴ Μῆσ' ἔσσειαι· ἀλλὰ θαλόνῃας
 Ἀμπλέξει σεφάνης, ἐπὶ δ' εὐξέται, ὡς Θεὸς ὑμῖν
 Εὐτεκνίην, δόξην τε, καὶ ὄλβια πάντ' ἐπιδοίη.
 Ὡδέ κεν ἀλλήκλως γηθήσομεν, ὥδε καὶ ἡμεῖς
 Ἐσόμενοι τ' ἄρ' ἐπει^{λα} γάμῳ ἐπὶ τῷδε χαρῶσι.

*Edvardus Chamberlayne, Coll. Regalis Alumnus,
 et Academiae Scholaris.*

"ON Earth unrival'd stands the Prince, whose sway
 " Britons thro' generous British love obey."
 Such words to CHARLES, 'midst his licentious throng,
 The voice of Wisdom spoke with Temple's tongue.
 At length, great GEORGE, with filial joy we see
 The glorious bold assertion prov'd in Thee;
 Whose Soul, unhurt by pow'r or just applause,
 Still, like a Viceroy, yields to Wisdom's laws;
 Whose Virtues, like the Jewels in thy Crown,
 All Men admire, unseen by Thee alone.

Such is thy Lord, great Queen, whom Fate hath giv'n,
 Fate the just Agent of thy guardian Heav'n;

Thou

GRATULATION.

Thou that, in smiles and gentle sweetness drest,
Com'st, like Aurora, from the youthful East;
While Harcourt finishes what Heav'n begun,
That morning Star that ushers in the Sun.
But truth must here surpass the boldest lines,
When ev'ry Grace with Majesty combines;
The charms of Youth, and wisdom of the Old;
And Virtue's Brilliant set in Beauty's mould.
Nor deem unworthy of thy sovereign smile,
Bright Princess, Britain's ever-glorious Isle;
An Isle throughout this world supremely fair;
This world an Isle amid the deep of Air.

Fir'd with the theme, see duteous Bards aspire
To light up Hymen's torch with Phœbus' fire.
Though the proud theme require as ample strains
As grac'd great ANNA's, or ELIZA's Reigns;
Yet not unwelcome may our humble lays
Join the sweet Incense of a Nation's Praise.

When such thy Confort, mighty GEORGE, can Fate
Improve the lustre of so bright a State?
She can — Thy Royal Race, and shining Train,
With added glories gild thy patriot Reign.
See with her Offspring fair AUGUSTA shine,
That form the Constellation of thy Line;
And WILLIAM, that in rolls of modern fame
Might well th' addition of the Conquerour claim.
Thron'd on Fame's Zenith see great Frederic sit,
And Britain's Genius, call'd by mortals Pitt:
While Wisdom's laws victorious arms support,
And Freedom boasts the favour of a Court:
While GEORGE, as Albion's happy plains confess,
Rules but to save, and governs but to bless.
Just so the kingly Soul for mutual use
The limbs employs, and guards them from abuse.

What halcyon days in bright succession rise!
The Merlin fancy crouds them on my eyes.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Example now shall fight in Virtue's cause,
And mighty Fashion aid the weaker Laws :
When e'er the frowns of Justice might prevail,
Mercy shall sink the favourable scale :
Propitious Fate, now ceasing from her toil,
Reclin'd shall view her finish'd Work, and smile :
Now Britain mounts, shall Fortune's friendly zeal
Stop the wild mazes of her giddy wheel :
Cupid an Altar in each Breast shall find,
And wond'ring Bards no longer call him blind.

Baptist Noel Turner, Scholar of Emmanuel College.

SOLLICITAS tandem, Britones, deponite curas :
En! spes vestra venit. Conchâ felicior illâ,
Quæ placidi, ut fama est, auris impulsa Favonî
Pertulit ad Cyprios teneram Cytherëida fines,
Æquora navis arat; cui carbasâ ventilat alis
Blandus Amor, dum pulcher Hymen moderatur habenas.
Ipsa sinu Divam excipiens quàm læta superbo
Fluctu Stura tumet! qualique exuberat æstu!
Jamque tuos, Thamesine pater, contemnit honores;
AUGUSTÆ quanquam turritas alluis arces,
Præficit et Britonum fluviis te Rector aquarum.
Quinetiam, Neptune, audet contendere tecum,
Quando suis etiam Venus altera surgat ab undis.
Jamque Phæelus adest, lætisque allabitur oris.
Inde salutantum resonat clamoribus æther;
Perque cavas rupes, per littora curva, volutum
Senserunt imis murmur Nerëides antris.
Egreditur, vultuque beat CHARLOTTA Britannos.
Quacunque incedit, circum densissima turba
Fusa ruit: tenerâ properat cum virgine mater;
Et juvenes validi; et baculo vestigia firmans

Canities

GRATULATIO.

Canities studio prorepat anghela fenili.

Attentis inhiant animis, totamque pererrant

Luminibus : nequeunt expleri corda tuendo.

Haud aliter cùm Solis avis, felicia rura

Invisens Arabum, liquidum secut æthera pennis

Purpureis, quâ tendit iter, circum undique stipant

Alituum mirata cohors, et carmine mulcent.

Ut Nympham vidit, quas toto pectore flammâs

Regius accepit Juvenis! defixus in unam

Lumina miratur placidum torquentia fulmen,

Atque genas, permixta rosis ubi lilia certant.

Currit in amplexus; stimulis et mollibus actus,

Quæ Venus ipsa suo perfudit nectare labra,

Corde tremens libat, longumque bibebat amorem.

Illa verecundos gremio dejecit ocellos,

Virgineoque arsit vultum suffusa pudore :

Qualis, ab Oceani surgens rutilantibus undis,

Puniceis invecita rotis Aurora rubescit.

Fortunate Puer! picto è Cytheræidis horto

Cui licuit Divæ carum decerpere florem.

Ah! cave, ne Solis nimio marcescat ab æstu,

Aut rigidi Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.

Quin teneram plantam verni clementia cæli

Educet, et Zephyri permulceat aura tepentis.

Nec Te pœniteat fines, pulcherrima Virgo,

Dilectæ patriæ, et dulces liquisse Penates.

Hæc Tibi jam patria est; gratum hæc Tibi terra ministrat

Obsequium, et natale solum superabit amando.

Hic Tibi sunt aliæ multo cum Fratre Sorores ;

Hic Tibi dilectam genetricem AUGUSTA reponet.

Præterea, si tangit Amor, si Gloria mentem,

En! quantus thalami sociam Te ducit, avitâ

Nobilitate potens, virtute potentior, Heros.

Jam nunc victrici redimitus tempora lauro

Te, CHARLOTTA, petit; tibi supplex regia sceptrâ

Submittit, dominamque suam læto ore fatetur.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Fortunati ambol si connubialia jura,
Si cœlestis amor blandissima gaudia fundant.
O! maneat, nullos unquam delenda per annos,
Vestra fides: Veneris dulcissima pignora, proles,
Fœdera confirmet, referens virtute Parentes.
Sic nati Britonum, sic ætas fera nepotum
Hanc festam æterno lucem celebrabit honore.

Guilielmus Wyatt, Aul. Pemb. Alumnus.

I.

AWAKE! thou everlasting Lyre,
That once the mighty Pindar strung;
When rapt with more than mortal fire,
The Gods of Greece he sung.

Awake!

Arrest the rapid foot of Time again,
With liquid notes of joy, and pleasure's towering strain.

II.

Crown'd with each golden flower that blows
On Acidalia's tuneful fide,
With all Aonia's rosy pride,
Where numerous Aganippe flows:
From Thespian groves and fountains wild,
Come, Thou yellow-vested Boy,
Redolent of youth and joy,
Fair Urania's favour'd Child!
GEORGE to thee devotes the day:
Iö Hymen! haste away!

III.

Daughter of the genial main!
Queen of youth and rosy smiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles,
Come with all thy Paphian train!

O,

GRATULATION.

O! give the Fair, that blooms for Britain's Throne,
Thy melting charms of Love, thy soul-enchanting zone.

IV.

Daughter of the genial main!
Bring that heart-dissolving power,
That once, in Ida's sacred bower,
The soul of Jove oppos'd in vain.
The Sire of Gods thy conquering charm confess'd,
And vanquish'd sunk, sunk down on Juno's fostering Breast.

V.

She comes: the conscious Sea subsides;
Old Ocean curbs his hundred tides:
Smooth the silken surface lies,
Where Venus flowery chariot flies.
Paphian airs in ambush sleep
On the still bosom of the deep:
Paphian Maids around her move,
Keen-eyed Hope, and Joy, and Love.
Their rosy breasts a thousand Cupids lave,
And dip their wanton wings, and beat the buxom wave.

VI.

But mark, of more than vulgar mien,
With regal grace and radiant eye,
A form in youthful Majesty,
And Beauty's vivid bloom serene!
Britain, hail thy favour'd Queen.
For Her the conscious Sea subsides;
Old Ocean curbs his hundred tides;
O'er the glassy-bosom'd main
Venus leads her laughing train:
The Paphian Maids move graceful by her side;
And o'er the buxom waves the rosy Cupids ride.

VII.

Fly, ye fairy-footed Hours!
Fly with aromatic flowers;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Such as, bath'd in orient dew,
Beauty's living glow diffuse:
Such as in Idalia's grove
Breathe the sweets, the soul of Love.

VIII.

Come, genial God of chaste delight!
With wreaths of festive roses crown'd,
And Torch that burns with radiance bright,
And liberal Robe, that sweeps the ground.
Bring thy days of golden joy,
Pleasures pure that never cloy:
Bring to Britain's happy Pair
All that's kind, and good, and fair.
GEORGE to thee devotes the day:
Iö Hymen! haste away!

IX.

Daughters of Jove, ye Virgins sage,
That wait on Camus' hoary age;
That oft his winding vales along
Have smooth'd your silver-woven song;
O! wake once more those lays sublime,
That live beyond the realms of time.
To crown your Albion's boasted Pair,
The never-fading wreath prepare:
While her rocks echo to this grateful strain,
"The friends of Freedom, and of Britain reign."

J. Langborne, Scholar of Clare-Hall.

TU, Britonum Princeps! Tu, Regia Sponsa! salutem
In longum vitæ tempus habete, precor.
Lumine prænituit quàm fausto tæda jugalis,
Cum tot virtutes consociavit Hymen!
Majestas et Amor nunc unâ in sede morantur;
Assidet et Pietas, pronuba digna, toro.

Connubio

GRATULATIO.

Connubio tali Britones quæ gaudia sperant ?
Gallia quot tali fœdere damna timet ?
Hinc sibi progeniem Regum procul Indus uterque
Prospicit ; hinc dominos Afer et ipse capit.
At pace O ! stabili doteris ; Nupta Marito
Non aliâ poterit dote placere magis.
Vivite Par felix et amabile ! mutuus ardor
Vivat, et utroque in pectore primus amor !
Jam pleni vitæ famæque ascendite cælos,
Regibus emeritis quæ nova regna patent.
Ante tamen longos quàm fato clauditis annos,
Progenies patriis surgat adaucta bonis.
Et vestrûm ingenitas præsens ut suspicit ætas
Virtutes, pariter postera Prolis amet.

Robertus Hilton, A. B. Coll. S. S. Trin.

HENCE pale Grief and anxious Care,
With black Misfortune's baleful train,
Where pensive Sorrows ever reign ;
And fill the dreary cave of dire despair.
Fly to some mountain's lonely brow ;
Lift to the Tempest's troublous roar :
Or dare in airy flights to soar
To distant regions or Cimmerian waste :
Thither ah ! thither haste,
There twine the Cypress bough.

Come sweet Nymph, that liv'st unseen
In winding vale or woodland green,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Echo — silence breathes around:
Howling winds nor murmurs sound;
Save where breaths the Lydian air,
The weal of Albion to declare.
Fancy strews her varied flowers;
Guides our steps, and rules the hours.
Pleas'd with Music's soothing art
The God of War resigns his dart:
Whilst Hymen leads his chosen band,
Waves aloft his flaming brand;
And Innocence that knows no guile
Casts on her favourite rites a smile.
Wisdom guides the joyous throng,
Leads the dance and rules the song;
Wisdom erst in heavenly strain
O'er Sicilia's warlike plain,
Taught the Theban Bard to raise
On Hiero's deeds the song of Praise:
Bid him bend his airy flight,
In all his radiant glory dight;
For Albion from Germania brings
Future Heroes, future Kings.

Blooming hours, the Summer's pride,
On Zephyr's wings serenely glide:
Scatter here your choicest flowers
From Cyprian walks, Arcadian bowers:
Let the blushing rose intwine
With the white-rob'd jessamine.
High th' unfading Garland bear
To grace the day and deck the Fair.

Far from Terror, far from Fear,
All the threats of horrid War,
Let Canadia's happy Queen
Adorn'd with costliest gems be seen:
Peace shall sooth her dire alarms
Of conquering bands, triumphant Arms:

GRATULATIO.

Let her haste, and here cast down
The honours of her feather'd crown.

India gives her distant reign,
The golden Rock, the rich domain;
While busy Commerce plies the Oar,
And wafts her treasures to our Shore.
Ocean from his watery bed
Raifes high his hoary head;
Gives the empire of the main,
The trident of his subject reign.

Hail auspicious morning! hail:
May no ruffling tempest veil
The scene of quiet as it flows;
No dread Sorrows discompose.
Care be hence and feeble age;
Jealousy and threat'ning rage:
Love and Youth shall rule the day,
Love and Youth for ever gay:
Till CHARLOTTA's glorious name
Shines a bright star with GEORGE's deathless Fame.

Michael Tyson, Scholar of C. C. C.

PLURIMA tandem fatiate, Mavors,
Cæde compescas rabiem; maligno
Plectra nec jucunda sono tubarum
Victa quiescant.
Optimo Regum focianda jure
Sponsa adest; Virtus sacra quam tuetur,
Ornat et formæ decus, atque Avorum
Splendidus ordo.

Te

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te nec, O! felix, Superûmque Virgo
Cura, dilectas pigeat sodales
Linquere, et dulcem patriam, Penates
Vandalicosque.

Regis en! Conjux eris et voluptas,
Qui regit latâ ditione gentes;
Quem decus circumvolat, et triumphans,
Hofte revicto

Perfido, virtus. Probat has ovanti
Nuptias clamore, sacrasque tædas
Gens Britannorum : Deus has probavit,
Qui Tibi fluctus

Stravit irati maris ; et phaselum,
Indiæ gazis pretiofiora
Dona portantem, sine clade nostris
Appulit oris.

Grata Tu mulcebis amore curas
Particeps regni fimul, et marito
Dulce folamen : Dominos volenti
Tu dabis orbi.

Hostium nati, velut acta ventis
Messis, horrebunt ; Tua dum propago,
Montium qualis diuturna floret
Gloria cedrus :

Læta cui radix, patulique rami
Protegunt armenta gregesque latè ;
Seu Canis sævit rabies, procellâ
Seu fremit Aufter.

Samuel Berdmore, A. B. Coll. Jef.

GRATULATION.

I.

SHE comes! I see her from afar,
Refulgent as the morning Star
Or as the mid-day Sun:
Conduct her, Heav'n, across the deep;
Lay the unruly winds asleep—
Heav'n spake, and it was done.
Th' obedient waves on the smooth surface glide,
And pay due Homage to their Sov'reign's Bride.

II.

Inur'd too long to martial noise,
She comes to taste the envied joys
Of Glory and Repose:
No more to hear the Orphan's cry,
The heartfelt pang, the plaintive sigh,
Nor dread approaching foes.
Boast then, O! boast the triumph of thine Eyes:
The best of Princes is CHARLOTTA's Prize.

III.

And see! the Royal Youth appears,
Mature in Glory, ripe in Years,
Britannia's darling Care—
Tell me, ye envious distant Pow'rs,
What Isle can boast a King like ours,
What Isle a Queen so Fair?
Illustrious Monarch, Thou hast gain'd from Heav'n
It's choicest Gift; What more could it have giv'n?

IV.

Immortal Hymen, to whose care
Belong the solemn Rites, prepare
To crown the happy Day:
Ye Muses, sweep the sounding Lyre;
Exert your warm poetic Fire
To chase the Hours away,
Till GEORGE receive her to the nuptial Bed;
Till Innocence with Royal Virtue wed.

Z

V. And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

V.

And when in living Verse ye tell
How Britain rul'd, how Gallia fell,
In His auspicious Reign ;
Her Beauty's Empire shall be sung :
Her Merit prais'd by ev'ry tongue,
Shall close the grateful Strain :
" Long may She boast the triumph of her Eyes ;
" Long may the best of Prince's be her prize !"

Nathaniel Morgan, Scholar of King's College.

NATURÆQUE Deique oculus, Sapientia ; sed Te,
Sed tua, quis calamus subtilior, avia prodat
In lucem mediam vestigia ? Tempore, quo Te
Majestas Animæ diviniore, Harmoniæque
Spiritus arbiter, et roseo pulcherrima vultu
Dulce rubens, Te, Libertas ad vallem Academi,
(Quæ proprias olim Tu formosissima sedes
Constituens docuisti hominum mitescere corda,)
Deduxere Dei gremio ; quo tempore vidit
Te subter tristes umbras, et devia sylvæ,
Te taciti ingenium vidit sublime Platonis
Incessu magico descendere ; Virginis instar,
Ilicet exsomnia quæ non injussa tacentis
Evocat Harmoniam citharæ. Mihi fas sit et ipsi,
Naturæ fas sit deserta per ardua Amorem
Ducere inexpletum studio ; quibus et latet ipsa
Naturæ magica interpret Sapientia, in umbras
Arripere, et fontes — Hic indefessus Amore
Mille per ambages, Naturæ ubicunque recessus
Panditis, O ! Genii Indigetes, lætissimus hospes
Insequor — At vocem divinam audire, sub antro
Fas sit projectum viridi ; amplexûsque puellam
Detinuisse morâ ; quo tempore per pia rura

Conscia

G R A T U L A T I O.

Conscia Musarum, et præsentis conscia Phœbi
 Flectit iter; nemorumque sinu aut convallis in umbrâ.
 Ritè lyram ferit, et Genium, pulcherrima Virgo,
 Pieridos Musæ inspirat — Philomela sub umbrâ,
 Populeos inter secessus abdita, carmen
 Audit: ubi canas per rupes, aut super antri
 Triste supercilium sacro velamine passim
 Serpere amant hederæ folia, aut sub tegmine fagi
 Annosæ frondes, nemorum repente sub umbras
 Vespere; quâ tristes fluvius taciturnior undas
 Decurrens rupis torvæ, aut montis resupini
 Elicit à gremio; quâ faxea procubet umbrâ
 Vallis; quâ vacui saltus, et per juga sacri
 Subfiliunt fontes — sylvæ sed devia, Faunos
 Agrestes nemora, et Nymphas, Satyrosque, Deosque
 Ruricolas, gelidoque reclinem Pana vel ipsum
 Detinuisse sinu, sed fulmina Dodonæi
 Hic Jovis intonuisse, recessu crederet Illo
 Indigetam aut sylvæ Genium, fluvii Parentem
 Delituisse, et sacro umbras percurrere saltu,
 Religio rudis, et sinceri nescia cultûs.

At vos, Pieridum Musarum, et conscia Phœbi
 O! nemora, et saltus, quos puro flumine lambens
 Thamefis, Ætonæ circum pia mænia, fluctu
 Argenteo ludit Pater; O! Salvete, recessus,
 In quibus, et nec Phœbo alienum, pectore condit,
 Seductas inter valles, carmen puer: ista
 Illicet ad nemora, O! quali jam captus amore
 Surripiar! — sed tu, tardis ubi flexibus erras
 Secessus inter nemorum Cami Pater, et Tu
 Isis, quæ vacuâ projectum agnoscis in umbrâ
 Divinum Vatem, salvete; Puer'tia vestris
 Nec levia in gremiis famæ præludia condit
 Venturæ — Hic causas, et mutua fœdera rerum
 Scire sagax, hinc Naturæ percurrere leges
 Mente agili, sensusque graves, et pondera rerum,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

(Quales à gremio deduxerat ipsa Dei, cùm
Vindicis astitit ad solium, pingenda Parente
Ipsa immortalis Ratio,) molimine condit
Spiritus ingenii magico; quin Pectoris audet
Vultus, et motus, sensus, magicosque colores
Pandere; quæ levia Affectus vestigia ducunt;
Quæ gracilis prodit subtiles Linea sensus;
Hic quæis subvehitur pennis ludicrus, Amorum
Et Desiderii puer Arbiter; Hic quibus urgent
Iræ animum stimulis; Hic et Dolor, et comes unâ
Ipsa suos prodit secessus, circumfusa
Illecebris, famulis et circumfusa Voluptas,
Et Desiderio, magicâque Cupidine; quin Tu
Prodis et ipsa tuos, Timor: hinc Facundia, solers
Effrænes premere, aut resides educere motus:
Has artes nôrit, quisquis velit Auditorum
Affectus vinc'lo Eloquii perducere; quisquis
Ad se subtiles animorum flectere habenas
Appetat— Hic citharam ferit, et per rura vagantes
Detinet Aonias carmen puerile choreas,
Vindicem et Harmoniæ Phœbum: — nec Tu, Puer, hisce
Artibus Ingenium invidas; nec Tu Phœbei
Vatis opus carmen divinum respue — Sed Te
Ilicet erudiit Sapientia; sed Tibi ritus
Ante oculos pandit pia Mater: nec tibi Phœbus
Abfuit, aut Pallas Puero comes — Huc age, si Te
Pierides poterint, Te Musæ rite sacrato
Detinuisse sinu, (si qua est ea Gratia) fessum
Civili famâ Te refice: Dii quoque sylvas
Dilexere; levis tugurî de cespite culmen
Congestum, aut fuso pia tellus stramine, sacros
Detinuere pedes; — nec, GEORGÎ, sit tibi et Ipfi
(Dulce sodalitium!) hanc hederam, Parnassia dona,
Sit pudor, inter victrices intexere laurus.

At quali, præter solitum, dulcedine raptat
Pierides ad se Musas amor? Ilicet, O! quis

Spiritus

GRATULATIO.

Spiritus ingenium jussit tibi fervere, Vates?
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, Puellæ
Castalides? quibus illecebris, divine Poeta,
Captus abis? quò Musarum pia sacra tulisti? —
ILLE est; Huic citharas, Huic vestigalia Musæ
Transtulit in gremium Phœbus Pater: ad loca sola
Non iterum, ad nemora, et valles, aut devia sylvæ,
Non iterum ad Patriæ Civilibus invia curis
Rura, latet vates, vitæque inglorius, umbrâ,
Et sedet in Tenebris; Sophiam, fociasque sorores
Civilis, reduces gremio, Sapientia, Musasque
Excipit, et choreas Venerum; quas (O pie cestos!)
Amplexu fovet immortalis publica Virtus —

At vos in gremio communia sacra, Sorores,
In Pueri gremio, cui Spiritus, et Majestas
Ingenii, Virtus sed enim, et Sapientia Vultu
Insidet, et, pulchrum est, et quicquid amabile, vestri
In gremio Pueri deponite, cui parat Hymen
Lampada divinam, parat aurea tela Cupido,
Purpureisque supervolat Cytheræia pennis.
Nam Tu sola graves poteras, Cytheræia, sensus
Subtili cesto vestire — Hinc risus, Amorum
Tela, Cupidineæque faces; hinc Gratia, dulces
Hinc oculi Illecebræ, et roseo suffusa rubore
Nympha Genas; hinc ludicro pulcherrimus Ille
Vultu obliqua tuens Amor; hinc molle atque facetum
Pieridum Musarum. Agrestes ilicet, ad Te,
Et resides Animi motus, et nescia flecti
Pectora, Tu solers audis Cytheræia, sensim
Tu magico desiderii perducere vinc'lo.
Ilicet, in Te suspiciens cervice reflexam
Marmoreâ, Majestatem dediscere Virtus
Cogitur, illecebris, dulci que cupidine sensim
Capta tui: In gremium quoties Sapientia sese
Rejicit, O Cytherea, tuum, sacroque recumbit
Infusa amplexu, Tu torvos, O Dea, vultus

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Triste supercilium, et frontem, rugasque seniles
Cœlesti gremio, et complexu circumfusa
Circumfusa super magico, roseisque labellis
Oscula detorquens cervicem ad fervida solers
Audis explicuisse; at te pulcherrimus, at te
Nec fugit, aut cesti pulchros agnoscere ritus
GEORGIUS erubuit; cui victor lumine in ipso
Suave tuetur Amor: sed tu, formose Cupido,
Tuque verecundo rides, Cytheræia, vultu.

O Maris, O Terræ, Tempestatumque tuarum
Arbiter, at graviore effrænes compede Ventos
Detineas, Pater; at pluvias, et claude procellam,
Claude gravi Deus obluantem carcere; si Te
Vindice, jura dare Oceano Britannica Classis,
Aurarumque leves animas, et flamina captans
Circum alacres jussit Commercia fervere portus.

Conscia Depositi dum transvolat æquora Navis,
Subsidunt humiles Undæ, refugique recumbunt
Oceani fluctus: Clavo sedet arbiter Hymen,
Fidus Amor tenebras sacrâ dum lampade passim
Discutit — At suspiranti Te ritè tuorum
Ne desiderio invidas: O desere, Conjux,
Virgineos, pius Hymen ait, fuge, desere Cœtus;
Desere virgineos, comitum pulcherrima, Cœtus.

Venisti tandem? tuaque expectata Marito
Ipsa Marito digna, datur, datur ora tueri? —
At Virgo incedit demisso lumine; vultu
Dulce rubet Pudor; Illa nec incommitata Mariti
Fert sese ad folium; nam circumfusa Puellam
Gratia, nam Venus, et ludicri spicula Amores
Ex oculis desiderii jaculantur — Amantis
Procidit ante pedes, gremioque infusa recumbit,
Erubuit Puer — At divinam lampada tollas,
Hymen, Iô; præsens hæc, tu, connubia firmes!
At pariter tendunt Juvenes, digitisque pudicas
Implicuisse manus alterno gestit amore
Et Puer, et Conjux; nec subtrahit Illa Marito

GRATULATIO.

Cervicem roseam — Huic Oculus sublimis, et instar
 Imperii, facilis Majestas, Gratia, vultu
 Huic sedet, et Virtus, Pietas et amabilis ; Illi
 Suave rubens Pudor, et demisso in Lumine, ridet,
 Inque verecundo Vultu Venus : illius ore,
 Illius ex oculis Amor evolat ; Illius ipsos
 Formosa incessus effinxit Gratia, Amorisque
 Inspirans magicâ furtim dulcedine Sensus
 Spiritus. At Venerum graditur stipata choreis
 At Desiderio, famulâque Cupidine ; pulchri
 Fœderis, et nec casti Hymenæi nescia ; passu
 Gratia, Majestas, et Amor, magicoque refulsit
 Luminis in circ'lo vel sacri fulguris instar
 Imperium : qualis divini per juga Cynthi
 Venatrix Diana choros regit ; ipsa pererrat
 Sylvestres agili dumos et flumina cursu
 Subfiliens : latus huic niveum complectitur Ipse
 Formosus Puer, hybernæ quo tempore colles
 Deseruit Lyciæ, Delumque invisit Apollo
 Maternam ; flavos cui Xanthus flumine crines
 Laverat : at capiti laurum implicat : Illius aram
 Cretenses circum famuli, Dryopesque choreas
 Instituunt ; motat ramos Parnassia laurus,
 Et formosâ choros circum regit immortales
 Gratia, cum Nymphis sylvestribus ; Illius, Horæ,
 Et Zephyri comites, ludunt altaria circum :
 Detinet at Ver æternum chorus immortalis,
 At fine nocte Diem ; Citharæque ingloria rumpit
 Pieridos carmen sublime silentia, Musæquæ
 Harmonia, et pulchri vestigia lævia saltûs.

O Puer, in solium assurgas : nec sceptrâ recuses
 Formosâ gestanda manu, sanctissima Conjux.
 Nec Tibi in amplexus currit, fatalia Gallo
 Consilia, et tacitos versans in pectore magno
 Conatus : Illi, Patriis virtutibus ultrò
 Placati Europæ Reges, in fræna reclines
 Subjiciunt humeros ; ne, ruptis legibus, urbes

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Arma fremant vicina, et Mars per littora, vasto
Frustra diffociata mari, præludia belli
Inspiret; Pax Illi, et sol fine nube verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Reliquiæ ingentes, et magni Nominis Umbra,
Tuque Avus in taciti gremio tumuli, tibi plaudas;
Nec, flores quod rite pio de cespite terræ
Injussi exfiliant, fortunatâque favillâ
Perpetuæ surgant Violæ; nec quod tibi ritus
Vectigal desiderii, lacrymasque perennes
Persolvat; Statuasque, et Marmor inane Columnasque
Extruat, et fertis Heroi busta coronet
Funereis, umbræque pios instauret honores
Patria, solennisque insignia ludicra pompæ:
Sed tu plaude tibi, Manes tibi plaude sub imos,
Quod tua, rite tuis per avos atavosque Britannis
Tradita, Libertas, Regum Imperiique perenne
Depositum magno Generi tradatur; Avitæ
Quod seros etiam accendat scintilla Nepotes
Virtutis — Sed Vos gremio dormite repositi
Alter in alterius spirantes spiritum Amoris.

At Pater Imperii et Regum, Deus immortalis,
Arbiter, et Vindex; O! tollas Lampada: jam nunc
Vestibulum ante ipsum, Regnique in limine primo
Errantes per Regni et Vitæ lubrica passus
O Præsens audi Huic Puero firmare, Puellæque:
O Pater, at faveas — Tu, Rex, accingere sacro
Muneri, et ingredere; at (si qua est ea gratia) Musæ
Nec tibi Pierides deerunt, nec vel mea deerit
Interpres tibi virtuti Lyra: sed Patriæ me
Raptat amor, cui sacra feram; sed me tua Virtus
Provocat, ut per aperta volans, et liber habenis
In gremium, ingenii pia vectigalia, Regis
Qualiacunque feram: ingredere, O pulcherrime Regum;
Tradita et Imperii tibi Depositum Libertas,
Sera O! tradatur virtute tuenda Nepotum.

Georgius Hardinge, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

LÆTANTIUM inter universa gaudia
Cur taceat ingloria Chelys?
Cur Musa inertī torpeat silentio,
Dum nuptiæ GEORGII
Festiva poscunt tibiārum carmina?
At, si quid illa præcinat,
Te, magne Princeps, Regiamque Conjugem
Mansura junget Copula;
Et suave donum sanitatis aureæ
Senio beabit nobili.
Felix Marite, blanda ridet tibi Venus,
His nuptiis superbiens.
Felix Marite, Virgo nobilissima
Inire jam Thalamos parat;
Quam Gratia et Cupidines circumvolant,
Suamque Virtus vindicat.
Insigne talis Sponsa mox dabit genus,
Decus futurum Patriæ.
Et sorte, Tu, CHARLOTTA, læteris tuâ:
Tibi libenter Albion
Gerenda latè Sceptra donat imperi
Terrâ marique divitis.
Te nuptiali Rex petit sibi vinculo,
Pietate et armis inclutus.
Uterque Felix; singulos et in dies
Crescant amores mutui.
Vestræque stirps, Parentibus simillima,
Concordiæ sit præmium.
Vestris Britannia auspicata viribus
Hostes subactos conterat;
Pacemque firmans reddat optatam diu
Fessis quietem gentibus.

E. Taylor, Aulæ S. S. Trin. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

NUNC O! sonantem plaufibus æthera
Ciete: votis en! Britonum datur,
Post regna, post gentes subactas
Quod poterant dare fata majus.

En! auspicato ducitur alite,
Præclaro Avorum sanguine nobilis,
Promiffa Virgo, nuptiali
Digna face, et thalamis GEORGÎ.

Tuque O corollas accipe amabiles,
Invicte Princeps; quas capiti facro,
Myrtum inter, et lauros virentes,
Nectit Hymen potiore vinc'lo.

Te nunc beato mollis Amor jugo
Tenet volentem: ftemmata nunc magis,
Partique delectant triumphi,
Atque dies melius renident.

En! Illa, quæ Te rebus in arduis,
Quæ Te Britannis follicitum tuis
Soletur; evincatque triftes
Alloquio levioze curas.

En! Illa, fceptri dulce decus tui:
En! gloria, et fpes læta Britannia.
Nunc arma Mavors, et furentes
Ponat equos, rabiemque belli;

Secura ne quid gaudia Cæfaris,
Neu noftra rumpat: jam fatis æquora,
Et decolorati cruore
Angliaco erubere campi.

J. Pemberton, Aul. Pemb. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

I.

THE Nymph that bless'd Germania's plains,
The Royal Youth whose wide domains
Confess his gentle sway,
(If not in vain my voice I join,
A stranger to the tuneful Nine,
And form the choral Lay.)

II.

The tongue that Flattery disdains,
The Muse that Virtue's cause maintains,
With endless praise shall crown :
Such praise as Freedom's Sons should give ;
As Britain's Monarch may receive,
Nor blush the gift to own :

III.

Not that, O Queen, thy Royal Race
From mighty Vandal Kings we trace,
Whose warlike bands combin'd
From Cæsar's brow the Laurel tore,
And stripp'd of his oppressive power
The Tyrant of mankind.

IV.

For Virtue, not to birth confin'd,
Ennobles every generous mind,
Or on the barren Isle;
Or rock's inhospitable brow,
Or mountains cloth'd with endless snow,
And makes the desert smile.

V.

Be this the soft, the pleasing Theme ;
That, as in Dignity supreme
Above the rest you shine,
So, first in Virtue as in place,
You charm with every mental grace
And excellence divine.

VI. And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VI.

And thou, O King ! whose thunders roll
From either India to the Pole
 With unresisted sway ;
Whose gallant Fleets victorious sweep
The bosom of the hoary deep,
 And bid each World obey :

VII.

In blooming Youth whose conduct sage
Anticipates instructive Age,
 And makes experience vain :
O ! smoothe the troubled front of War ;
And softer, gentler scenes prepare,
 To bless a peaceful Reign.

VIII.

At Hymen's shrine, whom Fools despise,
Acknowledg'd by the Good and Wise,
 With kingly reverence bow :
So may his torch serene and clear,
Blessing anew each golden Year,
 With purest ardour glow.

IX.

So may thy lineaments divine
Transmissive in thy Offspring shine,
 Whom, to our wishes given,
CHARLOTTE the lovely and the fair
To GEORGE the great and good shall bear,
 The favourite of Heaven.

Graham Jepsen, M. A. Fellow of King's College.

G R A T U L A T I O.

FALLOR? an optatam facilis super æquora puppim
 Aura vehit? nec cessat Amor, sed lætus euntem
 Prosequitur; non qui Phrygii pastoris Amicam,
 Cum patriam fugeret, Trojanas duxit ad arces,
 Sed castus purusque, et iusti fœderis index.
 Accurrunt Cives, ex omni parte petentes
 Littora; sollicitâ properat cum matre puella,
 Et juvenem senior comitatur passibus æquis.
 Ut navim procul aspiciunt, nova gaudia plausu
 Ingenti celebrant; vocisque resultat Imago
 Offensa, et sonitum supera ad convexa reportat.
 Ergo Augusta veni Virgo! lætissima Tellus
 Te gremio accipiet; cupidas Tibi GEORGIUS ulnas
 Porriget: urit enim insolitis præcordia flammis
 Purus Amor, dignumque medullis implicat ignem.
 Nec mentita canit Vates; nam Regia Virgo
 Ingreditur portas: medioque in limine primùm
 GEORGIUS, et formæ varios habitûsque lepores
 Colligit; incessum, qualis solet esse dearum,
 Miratur tacitus; conceptos laudat amores,
 Conjugiumque probat, servandaque fœdera lecti.
 Fortunati ambo! tuque, illustrissime Princeps,
 Fortunate nimis, si jam mortalia iusto
 Respicimus visu; nam quo par purius usquam
 Eminuit sec'lo, et virtute ornatius omni?
 Floreat hoc, quod sanxit Amor, sub Amoris eodem
 Imperio fœdus; serosque extendat in annos
 Delicias primas: eadem quoque Gloria natis
 Contingat, quos casta dabit, volventibus annis,
 In Britonum commune decus, CHARLOTTA Marito.

Brackley Kennet, C. C. C. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

SURGE toro, Sponse : instat Hymen sperata diesque,
Quam numerâ meliore lapillo.

En! Aurora rubens variis, cedente lubenter

Nocte, novisque coloribus extat.

Ecce! tui Consors thalami supereminet omnes;

Festivâ clamante choreâ,

Salve, O! Sponsa, Helenam superans, in fidera Vates

Æterno quam carmine tollit.

Intemerata fides in Te, sanctæque nitefcit

Virtutis pudor usque sodalis:

Ornat et antiqui Te gloria stemmatis; ornat

Ingenuæ quoque gratia formæ.

Et Te, Sponse, simul, voces resonantibus oris,

Te, GEORGI, laudamus ovantes;

Cui populi pietas et aviti gloria regni

Insignes instaurat honores.

Te nostrasque foventem artes Musamque modestam

Gratis suspicit Anglia votis :

Nec Gallum timet infidum Te, Principe rerum,

Ad pacem vel ad arma parato.

Posteritas Vos fera canet ; nec cordibus unquam

Ex nostris obliviam tollent :

Nec maris aut terræ spatium, ventura nec æva

Delebunt memorabile fœdus.

Robertus Fowler, Coll. Magd. Alumnus.

CUM nimis tardo nova Nupta vento
Tenderet cursum ; pelagi repente
Unda discessit, patuere vasti

Atria ponti :

Et freto Nereus oriens morantem

Impulit puppim ; numerosa circum

Turba Nympharum Dominam secundâ

Voce salutat.

GRATULATIO.

- " I, decus terræ ; propera, Maritus
" Quò vocat : primi meritos honores
" Incolæ undarum damus : I, beatos
 " Quære Penates,
" Quà per extremas metuendus oras
" GEORGIUS sceptrum tenet ; ultimique
" Æquoris fluctus regit, et volenti
 " Imperat orbi.
" Ille te dudum locus, inclytæque
" Postulant arces : Zephyrique frustra,
" Heu ! diu votis inimica, mœret
 " Flamina Conjux.
" Ille cum magnas super Urbe curas
" Mittet, ingentem tua forma rerum
" Leniet molem, gravidique fallet
 " Tædia Sceptri.
" Mox torum circa similis propago
" Ludet ; et vultus, animumque, moresque
" Aureos pulchræ referet Parentis
 " Æmula proles.
" Ecce, jam lætæ Tibi dona reddunt
" Indiæ gentes ; Tibi servit æquor :
" Te colunt Reges, Dominamque sentit
 " Ultima tellus.
" Sive te Musæ, fidiumque dulcis
" Chorda delectet ; tibi servus omnis
" Concinat Phæbi, strepituque doctam
 " Mulceat aurem.
" Audies tu deliciæ tuorum,
" Artium præses, studiosa gentis
" Anglicæ custos, thalamoque magni
 " Digna GEORGI."

J. Preston, Coll. Gonv. et Caii
Socio-Commenfalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

QUALIS amplexus pia mater optat
Filiū multā prece, quem morantem
Invido flatu procul inquietus

Detinet Auster :

Talis, O! Regina decus tuorum,
Talis ardebat populus Britannūm ;
Distulit cum Te Zephyrus maligno
Flamine spirans.

Tu, per obstantes pelagi procellas,
Digna venisti thalamis GEORGĪ ;
Digna, cui proles tueatur æquis
Legibus Anglos.

Si quid è castis libet ominari
Moribus, ventura dies secundis
Nuptiis plaudet, meritumque ritè in-
-dicet honorem.

Vos, facer Vatum chorus, altiori
Carmine augustos celebrate ritus ;
Et modis Regina quibus paratam
Applicet aurem.

Scilicet dulces amat Illa cantus ;
Et novem Musis et amica Phœbo
Illa ; nascentique Minerva pulchræ ar-
-rigit Alumnæ.

I, Viro tali bene digna, tanti
Imperĭ confors! Precor, O! serenet,
Pace tranquillum revocante tempus,
GEORGIUS ævum.

Tum nives inter Canadæ patentis
Artibus sedes erit ; et perustus
Africæ cultor Tibi, decolorque
Serviet Indus.

Edvardus Hawtrey, Coll. Regalis Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

بمخلف جبور رجبى ولا ملكتة

يا امة برطانيّة
طوبى الملقطان الكلك *
ومن سعد نص لكلك
شروط والمعدل جبور رجبى *

رتلوا نقباء واهل
انما ائمة كرم المقاد *
رتلوا رجال الحكماء
فبيكند السلطان حاض *

فأنت اجل حنن المحمد *
ومن سلم قدمن رجبية
جذل أنجلكص حار *
جبور رجبى نجب فائقة *

Joannes Wilson, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

VICTRICES animæ, gratissima pectora Marti,
Quêis Pater Omnipotens dederit contemnere ferrum,
Borbonidûmque minas; quocunque sub orbe feruntur
Signa Britannorum, paulum differte triumphos,
Et virides lauros, insignia præmia vestræ
Virtutis: dum læta magis potiorque canendi
Materies ultro Parnassia numina, Musas,
Advocat ad sacri genialia gaudia lecti,
Augustasque faces, sociataque fœdera Regum.

GEORGIUS, ingenuo mentem devictus amore,
Jucundum agnoscit vulnus; cui ventilat ignes

D d

Ipsè

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ipse Dionæos blandâ cum Matre Cupido:
Non qualem antiqui quondam finxere Poetæ,
Illicitis lætum thalamis, Venerisque protervæ
Auctorem; sed qui, metuens violare pudorem,
Mollia legitimis succendit pectora flammis:
Arctiùs ut claros æterno fœdere amantes
Intemerata fides, irruptaque copula jungat.

Aspice quàm læto vultu Tibi, maxime Princeps,
Anglia gratetur; quòd casto digna cubili
Servatur, soliumque ornat CHARLOTTA superbum,
Virtutes imitata tuas, laudumque tuarum
Æmula: quòd recti mores, quòd vita pudica,
Et potior gemmis decorat sapientia mentem.
Illa levabit onus rerum; semperque fovebit
Sollicitis fessum curis, animoque virili
Pensantem dubios casus et fata tuorum.
Languentes acuens cives virtutis amore,
Exemplo trahet Illa suo; moresque labantes
Formare in melius poterit: dum latiùs artes
Ingenuæ tali florent sub Vindice tutæ.

Felices in amore Animæ! jam vestra secundet
Conjugia, et longos Vobis producat in annos
Gaudia Rex Superùm: dum, Regni cara futuri
Pignora, progenies, et Avorum stemmate digna,
Omne succrescit fausto. Tum sentiet hostis
Infita quid virtus, quid mens transmissa Parentum
In Pueros possit: serum vexanda per ævum
Gallia plorabit victos infida nepotes,
Nec faciles in vota Deos: iterum illa per æquor
Victa petet notas miserâ cum classè latebras;
Atque iterum magni pallefcet nomine GEORGÎ.

Joannes Freeman, Aulæ de Clare Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

Ω ρα Θεοὶ πάρε Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἡγορέωντο
 Χρυσέῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ, τείως ἀντάσα Βρετάνης
 Λισομένη περσέειπε Δία Κρηνίωνα ἀνακτα·
 Κλυθί, ἄνα Κρηνίδη, παννυπέριε, δώτορ ἐάων,
 Δώτορ ἀπημοσύνης, ὅς δ' ἐξέλεο πολιάρχης
 ὦν ἐθέλησθα, νόμοισι βροτῆς κατακοιρανέεσθ·
 Τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα κυδαλίμευς τε Βρετανὸς
 Δαιμονίης, ὅτι δῶκας δὴ σφισὶν ἐμβασιλεύειν
 Ἀνθρώπων ἥρωα ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΝ ἔξοχ' ἄριστον.
 Ἦτοι γὰρ τέτῳ ἔβαλες φρένας ἄμφι γειηθῶς
 Σὺν τε βίῳ, τό τε κάρη, ἀειτεύοντα δὲ θυμόν
 Ἥμῳ ἐνὶ πολέμῳ, ἡδ' ἀλλοίῳ ἔπι ἔργῳ·
 Μὴθ' αὖτως· Λοδοῖξ, ὡς παῖς ὑπὸ μητέρει, δύσκειν
 Ἐἰς τέτον, πάντες δὲ δόλοισι καὶ μῆδεα πυκνὰ
 Θάσσονα αὐράων πεπολήσασθαι· οἱ δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι
 Τήκονθ', ὥςτε χιῶν ἐνὶ ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσιν,
 Ἦν λεύσων κατέτηξε μέγα σέλας Ἡελίοιο.
 Ἀλλ' ἔτι τόσον ἀναξ, ἅμα ἡοὶ φαινομένηφι,
 ὦκτις ἀσπασίως οἰκίης, δώροισι δ' ἀέξεν·
 Τόσον αἰτὰς τοίοισδε χαρήσεται, εἰσόκε δύσει,
 ὦς θάσσοι μὲν λαῖτμα βαθυρρόα Ὀκεανοῖο
 Μήνη ἀπειθήσει, πρὶν ὅγ' ἐρδειν λήσειαι ἐσθλά.
 Ἀυτὰρ ἐπεὶ μὲν ἀειθμόν ἐμοὶ φύγεν, ὅσα περ ὄρεαι
 Ἀνθε' ἀγινέουσι ζεφύρεσσι πνεύοντι ἐέρσι.
 Οὐ γένετ', ἔκ ἐσσι, ὅστις τέδ' ἐρμαλ' αἰεῖσει,
 Ὅσα δ' ἄρ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἐκείνῳ χάσματ' ἔθηκε.
 Τῷ τοι ἐγὼν εἰδέω χάειν· ἀλλ' ἄγε, εὐρυόπα Ζεῦ,
 Δός θ' οἱ ἔχειν παρὰ κροῖον, κάλλι λαμπελάσσαν,
 ὦς ποτ' Ἀλέξανδρῳ μὲν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης
 Ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης ἀγαλὲν, ἧς δ' εἵνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 Ἦλθον ὑπὸ Τροίῳ πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀρμαίνοντες.
 Ἀλλὰ σὺ ποίησον ἱκελὶν χρυσήφι Σεβασῇ
 Ταύτῳ· παντοίως δὲ τότε ἔσαι διὰ γυναικῶν,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ἄι μὲν δυσωμένεσσι ὑπερίοντο, αἱ δ' ἀνιόντο.
 Οἶδα· τῇ τοι δὴ πάντ' εἰδότες ταῦτ' ἀγορεύω;
 Ἥ κεν ἄτερ μνηστῆς ἀλόχευ βιότοιο κέλευθα
 Πίμπλαντ' ἀμφοτέρωσιν οἰζύτοισι ἀλγίνοέσσης·
 Ξυνὴ δὲ τῇδε ῥέεσι μάλιστ' ἡμᾶτα πάντα
 Τέρψι ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ φιλότῃ τε, μελιχίῃ τε.
 Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχομένη· Ζεὺς δ' ἔκλυεν, ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζε.
 Τέκνον ἐμὸν, πλείον μοι ἢ Θέτις ἀεὶ ὑργέεζα
 Ἦνδ' ἀνέσθης, ἥδ' ἔγεο ΓΕΩΡΓΙΑΔΗΝ παρθένον Ἀχιλλῆϊ.
 Ἀλλ' ἐκ τοι ἔρεω, ὅτ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ περὶ βροτοῖσιν
 Ἔστι Κόρη, μοι φίλῃτα, οἴλω ἔτις ἐνέκην
 Οὐδ' Αἰὼν, οἴλω τ' ἐκ ὅψις ὑστάτα Ἡώς.
 Ἀλλ' ἴθι, ἐγὼ δὲ ΓΕΩΡΓΙΑΔΗΙ, παρθενίῳ ἀνδρῶν
 Δώσω ὅππῃ μῦθον, καὶ ἡμῶν κεκλήσθαι ἀκοίῃν
 Κεῖν δὲ ταύτῃ· ἐπεὶ ἔχ' ἔθνη ἐπὶ χερσίν
 Οὐδέ μιν, εἰδὲ φυλὴν, ἔτ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ἑστέρας, ἔτε τι ἔργα.
 Ἀυτὰρ ἄρ', ὦ Γεωργίαι, γάμω ἐπὶ τῷδε παρυσσῶς
 Γηθήσεις καὶ σὸν θυμόν· μάλα δ' ἴσον ἔρασθαι
 Ἀλλήλων δώσει Κύπρις, τοκέεσσι δὲ θεοῖσι
 Εὐτεχνίην Λητὼ ἰκέλῃ· τὰ δὲ τέκνα φυλάξει
 Ἀγλαῖα ἐσσομένης τῷ δ' ἡμῶν, ὅππῃτε δεῦρο
 Τέττω κικλήσκοιμι ἐνὶ μακάρεσσιν αἰάσσειν.
 Ὅφρα δὲ οἱ κόσμος παρκαλλέει ἀσέβεις ἄμφο
 Μαρμαρυγῇ χαρίεσσιν ἀπαρτάσσει Βερίανθον,
 Δείσειαι Εὐρώπῃ, καὶ δὲ σφισὶ πῆμα βροτοῖσι
 Βόεων· ἀεὶ γὰρ, ὃν φιλῶ, ἀνιφέρειν.
 Τοιγάρ ἔειπες, τῆς δ' ὑἱέας, Ἀλγέα δακρύοεντα,
 Ὑσμῖναι τε, Φόνοι τε, Μάχαι τ' Ἀνδροκλασῖαι τε
 Αὐτίκα δύσονται, ὅθεν ἤλυθον, Αἰδῶ εἰσω.
 Ἀλλ' αὖτ' Εἰρήνη κεφαλὴν πλεγεῖσαν ἀνορθεῖ,
 Ὀλοὸν ἔχουσ' ἐνὶ χερσὶ φίλαις, δώσας δὲ πάντας
 Ἀμφοτέρωσιν ἑστέρας, καὶ ἅμα Βωμοῖσιν Θεραπείαν.
 Τόσσοι δ' ἐν κύκλῳ γαλαθηνῶν παμφανόωνται

GRATULATIO.

Ἀσέρες, ὅσσα ἐγὼν δωρήματα ἐγὼναλίξω
 Δαιμονίοις Ἀγλοῖς — Τί γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἐχὶ ὄφειλον,
 Ὅς μένοι κίνδυνον ἔτερεψεν, ἔβουσκε δὲ μόχθον,
 Ὅππότε θειόμενοι χρεστοὶ καλέεσσι βοηθεῖς;
 Ὡς φάτ'. Ἐπήησαν δὲ Θεοὶ δωτῆρες εἰάων,
 Μῦθον ἀκρόσασθες· μὲν δὲ σφὶν ἔχαιρε Βρετανίς
 Καλὸν αἰοιδιάσθ'· ἄρα δ' ἱαχε πάνθ' Ὀρμεναίῳ.

J. Gribble, Coll. Emman. Alumnus.

JA M, novâ rerum facie triumphans,
 Candidam gratâ vice luctuosâ
 Veste permutat, numerosque poscit
 Patria lætos.

Cressa per fastos memores beatum
 Confecret Solem nota, quo reduxit
 Sospitem Pollux gemino coruscus
 Sidere navem,

Cui per informes pelagi tumultus
 Credita est Virgo, face nuptiali
 Digna, regali thalamoque nostri
 Digna GEORGÎ.

Parca virtuti bona destinavit
 Te pari, Regina : diu levabis
 Illius curas, animumque rerum
 Mole gravatum.

Porrigas vitæ, precor, O! Deorum
 Si quis hæc audis, spatium secundæ:
 Nec minus reddas simili Britannos
 Prole beatos.

At tuum, bello metuende Princeps,
 Artibus pacis pariterque florens,
 Diffusas toto penetravit orbe
 Nomen in oras :

E c

Servit

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Servit Eöus Tibi nunc tyrannus:
Nunc tuis fretus dominatur armis;
Et suas omnes opulenta fundit
India gazas.

Nuper indoctus juga ferre, fuscus
Afer, abjecto meditatur arcu
Militi nostro sine clade dextram
Tendere inertem.

Pinguis en ! Germania te supremum
Arbitrum litis vocat: O! cruoris
Claude mox rivos; taceantque victis
Fulmina Gallis.

Pax, tuo nutu stabilita, bello
Jam fatigatum recreabit orbem: et
Pulchrior cinget redimita Lauro
Tempora Oliva.

S. Martin, Coll. Divi Joannis Alumnus.

GEORGII famam resonant per Orbem
Diffusæ gentes; celebrantque plaufu
Arte bellandi Britonas potentes,
Arte regendi.

Amplius numquid dare, de bonorum
Copiâ, nobis potuere Divi? —
Amplius votis faciles dederunt
Divite dextrâ.

Venit in nostram CAROLETTA terram,
Gratiis circum comitata: Juno
Nuptiis gaudens, Venus, et Cupido
Cœlitus adfunt.

Plectra Musarum, modulos canoros
Docta, Reginam recinant; amicam
Artibus; dignam face nuptiali, et
Rege Marito:

Dum

GRATULATIO.

Dum tubæ clangor lituique nomen
Efferunt GEORGÎ; potius vocari
Seu Pater gaudet Patriæ, vel almâ
Pallade natus.

Rideant læti Jocus et Juventas :
Ritè festivas, Pueri, choreas
Ducite ; et spument calices rubente
Munere Bacchi.

Ocyûs vittas, nitidæ Puellæ,
Frontibus facris virides parate —
Copulâ longâ teneatur, oro,
Laurus Olivæ.

S. W. Gordon, Coll. S.S. Trin. Socio-Commenfalis.

HACTENUS ingentis cecinit miracula belli
Fama, triumphatasque acies; quas Anglia vidit
Terga dedisse fugæ : mortem licet usque minantes,
Exiguumque ausæ contemnere fortiter agmen,
Prospera sponderent audacibus omnia cœptis.
At non sollicitæ curas Victoria gentis
Leniit, aut tantâ renovati laude triumphi
Principis auspiciis; dum vires ipse Juventæ
In vacuo passus thalamo tabescere, terris
Promissam invidit sobolem. Sed et Ille nepotum
Fata memor respexit, et imo in corde futuram
Præscius evolvit sortem : et dum sæva furebat
Martis adhuc rabies, nec adhuc discordia belli
Conticuit; populi en! ultro prævertere vota
Dignatur, placitoque animum summittit amori.

Discite magnanimos, Veneri devota propago,
Quam non dedecoret Reges pudor. Usque juvabit

Ludere

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ludere sopitos falsâ dulcedine sensus,
Languentemque agitare animum? Quin parcite turpi
Indulgere dolo: jam non insignia amoris
Pœniteat casti, sanctamque agnoscere flammam.
Regis ad exemplum puras impunè licebit
Delicias libare, toro quas usque jugali
Fundit Hymen. Nimis heu! furiis accensa Libido
Gaudia turbavit misto insincera dolore.

Tuque adeo, nostris quæ Regia sedibus hospes,
Dignior ante alias, succedis; jamque futura
Magnorum Genitrix Regum: ne linquere fines
Pœniteat patrios, notâque excedere terrâ.
Num, Virgo, te cura subit pietasque tuorum?
Quid si, supremo comitum studiosa caterva
Digressu, mistæque viris longo ordine matres
Littoris implerent oras; ventosque precati
Felicesque vias, lacrymis sequerentur euntem?
Hic domus, hic patria est: juvet hic Regina vocari,
Et laudes audire tuas; nec sperne coronam,
Quam tibi certatim studio haud levioze Britanni
Nectere festinant: testatur splendidus ordo
Magnatum, lætoque sonantia compita plausu.

Te memores olim fasti secura subacto
Vela dedisse mari referent; dum multa minatus
More suo, belloque hostis jam fractus iniquo
Cederet, et vacuum invitus permetteret æquor.
At non compositas tutum rediviya per undas
Pax patefecit iter — licuissent hæc quoque Gallis.

Tu (licet adversas nondum fatiata cohortes
Provocet ad pugnam Nemesis) non arma tremisces
Amplius, iratosque duces, Martemque propinquum.
Non tibi pulsabit teneras clangoribus aures
Buccina; non plenis hic messibus acer opimos
Miles sternet agros. Saltem hic securior (hosti

GRATULATIO.

Infido frustra licet Anglia nuper olivam
Prætulerit) belli distantem impunè furorem
Spernere, et auditos poteris celebrare triumphos.

*J. Bates, Coll. Regal. Alumnus,
et Academiæ Scholaris.*

I.

WHILE raging Discord, and her ghastly train,
O'er Nations spread the brands of War;
Secure within her wave-encircled plain,
Britannia feels no gloomy care.

II.

No more dismay'd she heaves the plaintive sigh,
Her King deceas'd, her Guardian gone :
While loud applauses rend the distant sky,
Again a GEORGE ascends the Throne.

III.

To such, long exercis'd in Virtue's lore,
And born to rule with gentle sway,
Heav'n pleas'd entrusts her delegated pow'r,
And Freedom glories to obey.

IV.

Bless'd with a Queen, adorn'd with ev'ry charm
To sooth the Monarch's anxious care ;
No foreign claims the orphan Land shall harm,
No doubtful Heirs the Kingdoms share.

V.

To each revolving age the Royal Pair
Shall future Kings transmissive give ;
Whose princely minds their Parents worth shall bear,
And GEORGE still in his Issue live.

James Dixon, Scholar of Magdalen College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

CAME, qui Grantæ trepidas querelas
Nuper audisti, tua jam, secundos
Ripa clamores resonare docta,

Murmure læto

Perstrepat. GEORGÎ super auspicatis
Nuptiis communis amor Britannum
Fervet; et mores animumque magnum
Principis effert.

Gaudeant manes, FREDERICE, vestri:
Gaudeas, AUGUSTA, diu superstes;
Casta quam Proles decorat, Nurusque
Gloria gentis.

Mater O! laudanda, tuis abunde
Annuit votis Deus; inclytæque
Virgini Regem socians secundâ
Sorte beavit.

O! dies cretâ meliore digna:
Temporum clara hinc series renidet
Angliæ: nunc incipiuntque magni
Currere menses.

Jam furor retro rabiesque cedat;
Ponat et tandem furiosa torvos
Factio vultus, procul, O! Deorum
Numine pulsa.

Audiat longè metuatque lætas
Civium voces superata bello
Gallia; et plausus Britonum secundos
Perfida ploret.

Fas sit in feros maneat nepotes
Usque mansurum decus; invidæque
Nesciant horæ Angligenum perennes
Carpere laudes.

Guilielmus Batt, Coll. Divi Joannis Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

INCEDE nox, incede nox, feliciter
Pulcherrimam claudens diem,
Quâ læta fausto GEORGII connubia
Produxit exitu Deus;
Deus Britannæ faustitatis arbiter;
Populi Pater sui Deus —
Ite, felices Hymenis ministri;
Regiam dignis cumulate donis:
Insonet plenum lyra. Quis silenti
Impius ictu
Invidet festos tetigisse nervos?
Ite, bis felix chorus; ite, nomen
Grande CHARLOTTÆ memor insolenti
Tollere cantu.
Fas fit illustrem peperisse prolem;
GEORGIO dignam peperisse prolem:
Digna CHARLOTTÆ decoret beatos
Filia partus.
Plaudit incultis Canada accinitque,
Palma jam sceptri melioris, hymnis:
Plaudit exultans et Avita magno
Umbra Nepoti.

Guilielmus Baker, Aulæ de Clare Alumnus.

TANDEM adeò, quam longa viæ mora et invida venti
Detinuit rabies, Te, Regia Sponsa, salutat,
Festivoque tuas in laudes Anglia plausu
Solenni celebres instaurat more triumphos.
Atqui nec populo, nec Regi sanctior ulla
Felices Britonum lux illustraverit oras,
Quam quâ Te dignam Imperii, lætisque jugalis
GEORGIUS ascivit Comitem sibi, Te decus ingens
Angligenis. Tu cœlesti, Regina, favore

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

O! fruire, ut merita es ; foliumque insigne fecundis
Auspiciis firmes simul, et virtutibus ornes.
Et nunc, immodicæ tandem languente tumultu
Lætitiæ, fessas dudum qui turbidus aures
Perculit, et tacitæ plausu cedente quieti ;
Tu, quæ Granta, tuæ non frustra conscia laudis,
Ferre parat, Musæ non dedignabere dona :
Gratemurque Tibi squalentia regna colonis
Abductis linquenti, ubi Mars quatit impius arma,
Totaque inextincto fervet Germania bello.

At nec pœniteat, quod Te longinqua per arva
Conjugium, foliumque, O! nobilis Advena, nostrum,
Ignotâque novi maneant regione Penates ;
O tali conjuncta Viro, tantoque recepta
Hospitio! hîc, nisi crebra sonis felicibus acre
Testetur bellum Victoria, pace sedentes
Credideris Britonum, Gallumque quiescere turmas.

Nec Regi sit solus honos, victricibus armis
Hostiles fregisse minas ; sed, nuper adepti
Dulce rudimentum imperii, Juvenisque beatas
Primitias patriæ firmum sibi gentis amorem,
Laudatisque Deum fautorem poscere cœptis.
Nunc adeo, ulterius si fas sperare, quod unum
Restat adhuc, feros claudat feliciter annos :
Cum Te conjugio felici Hymenæus (amore
Tam puro crescente simul crescentibus annis)
Dotalique diu Regem virtute beârit ;
Magna, Deo adspirante, à Te suscepta propago
Illustres proavos, et Te, Regina, Patremque
Moribus et famâ referat : Terræque volenti
Oceanoque suo longum det jura, nec unquam
BRUNSVICÎ extinctum desideret Anglia nomen.

Edvardus Jones, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

GRATULATION.

I.

HENCE to shades of blackest night,
Baneful foes of fond delight;
Jealousy, that loves to pry,
Wan Despair's perpetual sigh,
Pert Conceit, himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Insolence with proud grimace,
And Ignorance's laughing face:
Baneful foes of fond delight,
Hence to shades of blackest night.

II.

But come, thou rosy-dimpled Boy,
Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy;
Deign awhile to quit the groves,
Where the Graces with the Loves
In their ever-sportive round,
Trip it o'er th' enamell'd ground;
Where the silent, conscious green
Oft has view'd the Cyprian queen:
Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
Come thou rosy-dimpled Boy.

III.

Haste to Britain, haste away;
Britons now demand thy stay:
Look where Albion o'er the plains
Fruitful spreads its wide domains;
Look where thro' a thousand meads
Thames his silver current leads:
There, to hail thee on thy way,
Hymen burns his torch to day.
Britons now demand thy stay;
Haste to Britain, haste away.

IV.

Let the jovial bowl go round;
Britain's prayer at length is crown'd.

G g

Hark!

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Hark ! I hear the herald's voice
Loud proclaim the royal choice :
And while mingled shouts arise,
Loudly echoing to the skies,
See each British hand prepare
Safe to guard the royal Fair.
Britain's prayer at length is crown'd ;
Let the jovial bowl go round.

V.

Be thou, Cupid, there unseen
With thy beauteous mother queen.
Choose the bark that safely glides
Swiftest o'er the rolling tides :
Let her be of royal wood,
Tallest sister of the flood :
Let her strength be well survey'd ;
Lo ! she bears a royal Maid.
With thy beauteous mother queen,
Be thou, Cupid, there unseen.

VI.

Lull each boist'rous wave to sleep ;
Calm and silent be the deep :
May no hostile, envious blast
Overload the bending mast ;
But let Eurus' mildest gale
Gently fan the swelling sail,
While the vessel wafts Her o'er
Safely to the British shore.
Calm and silent be the deep ;
Lull each boist'rous wave to sleep.

VII.

Gladsome with the royal store
Now the vessel gains the shore ;
While, to fill the splendid train,
A thousand Nereids croud the main.

Hark !

GRATULATION.

Hark! the musick soft and clear
Sweetly steals upon the ear;
Warbling from each vessel's side,
Echo wafts it o'er the tide.
Now the vessel gains the shore,
Gladsome with the royal store.

VIII.

This is thine and Cupid's day;
Haste, fair CHARLOTTE, haste away.
Look, aspiring to the skies
Where yon regal turrets rise,
And the flow'ry-border'd Thames
Pours along his silver streams;
There enthron'd 'midst royal sway,
GEORGE expects Thee on thy way.
Haste, fair CHARLOTTE, haste away;
This is thine and Cupid's day.

IX.

Happy King, and happy Queen,
May your joys be all serene!
Springing from your royal line,
May a matchless offspring shine,
Fill'd with all their Father's worth:
May their valour blazon forth,
Such as Gallia's Sons shall dread,
Stooping low their servile head.
May your joys be all serene,
Happy King, and happy Queen!

B. Thomas, of Emmanuel College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

O! Sileat Cori rabies, pelagoque recumbant
Irati fluctus: nec nubes invida cœlum
Obtegat, insolitæ obscurans spectacula pompæ,
Festivumque diem; leni dum flamine venti
CHARLOTTAM Angliacis reddant feliciter oris.

Talia dum mecum meditabar, et æquora longo
Prospectu expectans lustrabam, visa per undas
Advehitur classis; quæ plenis cærula velis
Perlabens, portûs patefacti ad littora tendit.
Dum cursu propiore venit, ratis una videtur
Præ reliquis ornata auro, signisque superba:
Ipsa fui veluti pretii quæ conscia, rostro
Eminet; auditque simul modulamina cantûs
Afficiunt gratâ captos dulcedine sensus.

Quis tamen attonitas jam clamor percutit aures,
Mirantis populi plausus? clamore resultant
Festivo colles; CHARLOTTÆ laudibus æther
Jam resonat: "Qualis toto enitet ore venustas!
"Quantum oculis decus, atque decens in corpore motus!"
Sed Tibi quid prodest externæ gratia formæ?
Vel quod ab antiquo Proavorum sanguine stirpem
Deducis? generi Ipsa addis virtute decorem.
Nam Te pura Fides, titulo præstantior omni,
Et Pietas ornat, castæque Modestia mentis.

O! Tu, quæ formæ tali et florentibus annis
Junxisti dotes animi, cum pectore Regis
Exsurgunt curæ ingentes, adimuntque quietem,
Seu nova perversæ meditatur fulmina genti,
Seu Patriæ pacem; des, O! solatia menti,
Blanditiis reddens leviora negotia Regni.

Tu populi felix, tu felix Regis amore,
Magnanimos nunc Heroas folioque Britanno
Dignam læta dabis sobolem. Quæ gratia formæ
Maternæ, castusque pudor, quæ Patris in ore
Majestas, animoque fides, eadem illa futuram

Con-

GRATULATIO.

Confirmet mansura domum! faustissima proles
Felices reddat Britonas; semperque volentes
Imperio stabili populos regat, omne per ævum.

Matthias D'oyly, C. C. C. Alumnus.

QUIS fugam Galli, miseramque stragem,
Quis vel ingentes animos Britannum,
Et novos, præter solitum, triumphos
Concinet audax?

Concinat, cuicumque placebit — Ista
Haud decent nostram tenuem Camœnam,
Quæ modos gestit leviori plectro
Quærere gratos.

Tuque ades, Musas mihi præter omnes,
Quippe tu rides, Erato: benigna
O! ades; perfunde tuo Camœnam
Numine pleno.

Cæsar en! castum meditatur Ignem:
Nec Venus ridens simul alligare
Impares formas, animosque, ut olim,
Sæva laborat.

Vos, Puellæ, deperate lauro, et
Simplici myrto, Pueri, coronas:
Nunc modis mollem citharam jocosis
Suscitet omnis.

Sponsa adest. — Regina patet decoro
Ecce! ut incessu: rubet ore Regis
Ut verecundo roseum Juventæ
Lumen amœnæ!

Vestra jam, Portæ, referate claustra:
Ipse Hymen pulsat pede gestienti,
Rite myrto cinctus, amaracoque
Dulce virenti.

H h

Dulce

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Dulce quàm Palmæ interiusque templum
Contremunt ! Salve, deus, O ! colende,
Semper et culte ; O ! bona, quæ precamur,
Porrige felix.

Cæsari læto simul ac tropæa
Laurea æternos peperint honores,
Blanda Pax sceptro affideat renidens
Lumine prisco.

Usque sic, jucundâ oleæ sub umbrâ
Cæsar et Conjux fideant beati ;
Usque sic curas fugiant amantes
Limina Regum.

Jam fatis. — Rursus resonabit omnis
Barbitos, cùm fausta dies redibit ;
Pulchra seu Proles, thalamoque tali
Digna vigescet.

Christoph. Nicolls, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

AONIDES Nymphæ, virides aperite recessus ;
Carminibus niveam concelebrate diem.
Nulla magis placuit : nunquam lux clarior ulla
Vatibus affulfit, Pieridumque choro.
Turba ruunt passim, festum Pæana canentes :
“ Nobile Par junxit gloria, junxit Amor.”
Quæ Te, magne Pater Britonum, fortuna beavit,
Hæc venit et populo non aliena tuo.
Hæc festa Angliacos possint ornare triumphos ;
Inde magis laurus, inde tropæa nitent.
Absentem fatis hæc et pensant gaudia pacem,
Condit in ignoto quæ procul orbe caput.

Thomas Troughton Lydiatt, Coll. Emman. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

VENUS, at the Fates behest,
Thus her winged Son addrest :
“ This rose so gay, so blushing red,
“ Stol’n from her cheek, it’s native bed;
“ This lilly, fairer than the rest,
“ Riss’d from her snowy breast;
“ And this violet’s purple bloom,
“ That with her borrow’d breath’s perfume
“ Spreads a fragrance thro’ the grove,
“ Take; and when together wove,
“ To the peerless Owner bear
“ The wreath she best deserves to wear.
“ Then to Him, whom Honour speaks
“ First of men; whom Virtue decks
“ In her vestment snowy-white,
“ Like the fair one’s beauties bright,
“ Lead the all-accomplish’d Fair,
“ The pleasing toils of rule to share.”

She spoke; the God at her command
Bears the rich gifts o’er Sea and Land.
He shap’d his way, o’er many a plain
Where slaughter mark’d Bellona’s reign,
To pale Germania’s northern shore
Beyond the Elb; then down he bore,
And pitch’d on Lenzen’s peaceful tower :
There in a sequester’d bower
The delegated Fair he found,
And on her brow the chaplet bound.
Worthy cares her hours engage,
The cradle of reposing age;
While the Muse with magic spell
Often sooths her sorrow’s swell.
The God, for, as in ancient days,
The Gods assume what shape they please,
In Harcourt’s manly form array’d,
The Nymph to Britain’s Isle convey’d;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To Britain's King th' illustrious Guest
Presented, and the Chief addrest :

“ Heav'n, that on thy virtues smiles,
“ Thus repays thy generous toils
“ For Britain's glory : there receive
“ The choicest blessing Heav'n can give;
“ A beauteous form, a polish'd mind,
“ Wit with grace and sweetness join'd,
“ Perfection's standard — such is She,
“ Of Empire worthy, and of Thee.”

H. Shepherd, Scholar of St. John's College.

IO remittat Albion per ultimas
Rupes: nec odiosa Gallis murmura
Venti per æquor, et sonos lætantium
Portare cessent; donec hostium genus
Aliena rumpat invidum felicitas.

Dum vasta, nuper fertilis, Germania
Area tumultûs et ruentium patet
Rerum, æstuosis tu procul furoribus,
Impune victrix, Albion, belli minas
Sortemque rides: magna pars belli, tamen
Tu molliora fila tangens barbiti,
Soluta dicis ut sacras Hymen faces
Accenderit sub Principis conopio.
Nec ille tugurî lætior parvos Lares
Invisit hospes, quam renidentes domos
Auro, et lacunar regium; si nec procax
Aheneo sociaverit jugo impares;
Amor nec absit fidus — At pulcherrimo
Quam lætus ore, quam verecundus sacri
Foribus GEORGÎ nuper astitit, suam
Duxitque pompam! quam decoris ritibus

Amantium

GRATULATIO.

Amantium vocatus obstrinxit fidem!
 O! auspicatum fœdus: O! Britonum Pater
 Beate, cui, victorias inter tuas
 Plaususque populi, accessit et domesticæ
 Felicitatis grande pignus. Protenus
 Simili tenore curret et tempus Tibi,
 Cui Sponsa tantis splendeat virtutibus.
 Non Illa Tibi dilecta, quòd Proavûm decus
 Illustre, qui fregere robur Italûm
 Littore relicto Vistulæ; et victorias
 Ad usque Calpen protulerunt ultimam.
 Sed gratiori juncta formæ Castitas,
 Generosa Mens, et quicquid est amabile,
 Faustas GEORGÎ consecrârunt Nuptias.

David Stevenson, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

Ω Λιγυρῆ Ἀνέμοιο πνοαί, αἱ Πόντε ὄρεσιν
 Ἀτρυγέτε μέγα κῦμ', αἰέντ' ἐπικείμεναι, ἔργα
 Ἀνθρώπων πορθᾶσι, Βεβλανῶν κραίνετ' ἐέλδωρ
 Ἀζομένων δύναμιν· καίπερ μὴ λαίλαπ' ἰσχύς
 Ἀγρῆς ἡμετέρης ἢ ἡμῶν λαῖτμα ταράττει,
 Ὡς ξανθὴν Λιβύης ψάμμον, καὶ Κάσπιον ὕδωρ.
 Ἡμᾶς νῦν ἰκέτας ἄρ' ἀκέετε, ὥς τε θάλασσα
 Μειδήσασα Φίλη σορέσῃ μέγα κῦμα γαλήνῃ.
 Οὐ γὰρ ἐνὶ πλευραῖσιν ἀνάξιον, εἰδέ τι κοινὸν
 Φοβέιον ἔνδον ἔχει Νῆϋς· ἐπάγει δ' ἐκαστὸν ὕδωρ
 Ἐλπίδα καλλίστῳ ἰχυρῶς Ἀγλινέεσσι.
 Σεμνοτάτῃ μάλα χαῖρ', ἀλιερχῆς νήσε' Ἀνάσσα,
 Ἐνθ' ἄρ' Ἐλευθερίῃ ἀφοβῶς χάειν τε πρόσωπον
 Δηλοῖ μειδιοῦσα, καὶ ἐνθ' οἰκήτορες εἰσιν
 Εἰδότες ἢ ἐπὶ γῆς πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀτρύνεας,
 Ἡ νηυσὶ γλαφυρῆσιν ἀμύνεας πατρὸς Πάτρης.
 Κείνοις δ' εἰ μὴ μόνον πολεμήϊα ἔργα μέμνηε·

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Τέχναις γὰρ φίλοι εἰσὶ, καὶ ἔ Μῦσαισιν ἀπεχθῆς.

Γαῖα πατεῖς, Σοὶ μὲν τέτων γένῳ ἱφὶ ἀνάσσει
Ἑμμενές, (ὅς ἀρετῇ ἀγαθοὺς ἐξευξ' ὕμναιῳ)
Ἀιδόμενον μάλα καὶ φοβερὸν τοῖς δυσμενέεσσι,
Τερπνὸν δ' Ἀγλιγένεσιν εἰς ἔ προσφίλῃς αἰεὶ.

Carolus Emily, Coll. S.S. Trin. Alumnus.

O HARCOURT, in thy Prince's partial love
High-favour'd, and fit delegate, assign'd
To invite a chosen Confort to his throne;
How glow'd thy generous bosom to discharge
It's sacred trust! and, as on bended knee
You hail'd Britannia's Queen, in that blest hour,
What was thy conscious pride, and inward joy
For thy young Monarch, new to love, and yet
With neck unbow'd beneath it's pleasing yoke!

Mean while at distance (sad constraint imposed
On Royalty!) the Princely Youth, retir'd
Far from the busy croud, in secret feeds
His growing flame; and, of his Country mindful,
On the firm base of private worth He builds
His plan of rising greatness, not unmix'd
With friendship's social ties, nor unendear'd
With the pure joys of chaste connubial Love.

Thus as in fond reflection He enjoys
His promis'd bliss, fair opening to his view;
Thy Sons, O Albion, throng thy crouded shores;
Thence eastward bend their prospect, and accuse
Each veering blast, that from their eye withholds
The sail long look'd for o'er the boundless main.

To each his several fear: the Mariner
That, with firm breast, hath long withstood the rage
Of the rough Ocean, and undaunted heard
The tempest roar, now trembles (like the Boy

That

GRATULATION.

That is first rock'd upon the waving mast,)
 Lest every gale, far from it's destin'd port,
 Should bear the giddy bark, on hidden rocks
 Impell'd, or founder'd in the treacherous deep.
 Another, not less anxious and appall'd,
 Dreads lest some hostile power (vain fear! till now
 Unknown!) should bear in triumph the rich Prize,
 That haply might repay them for the loss
 Of vanquish'd Realms, and dear-bought Peace redeem.

Vain is each empty fear of hostile power,
 Rocks, shoals, and tempests on the perilous deep!
 Vain! as the taunting boast of our proud Foe,
 That once insulting aim'd, in pride elate,
 At the World's empire: now, by British arms
 Repell'd, and drooping with their conquer'd host,
 They pine in secret anguish, while aloud
 Our envied triumphs rend their echoing shore.
 For lo! safe borne beneath th' expanded wing
 Of her proud convoy, midst a subject fleet,
 Th' imperial Vessel sails, to Britain's coast
 Welcom'd with loud acclaim. Hail! Royal Maid,
 From Princes sprung, and to the first of Kings
 Fit Consort! crown'd with every modest grace,
 And sweet assemblage of each social virtue,
 Come forth; and, follow'd by th' auspicious vows
 Of thy new subjects, bless th' expecting realm.

But with what sense of more exalted joy,
 To vulgar loves unknown, the Royal Youth
 In sweet exchange of many a fervent glance
 First views his promis'd Consort, and applauds
 His nuptial choice! Straight, by some hidden power
 Of Love infused, in their congenial hearts
 A sacred passion springs, from Nature's source,
 Heav'n-born; as that which our first Parents fired,
 When each for each was form'd, and other choice
 Knew none, through all Creation's boundless range.

Thrice-

GRATULATIO.

Thrice-happy Bride! whom all thy dazzling state,
The promis'd Crown of three united Realms,
Pride, pomp, and power that wait on Royalty,
So strong allure not as the far-spread fame
Of thy great Consort's virtues, his firm zeal
For his lov'd Country's good, and stedfast truth,
Best pledge of future happiness to crown
The sweet connubial state. Thrice-happy Bride!
E'er yet thy tender unexperienc'd age
Can share the yoke of Sov'reignty, be thine
The grateful task to sooth thy Consort's toils;
To sweeten calm retirement, and endear
His softer hours with kind officious Love.
He can repay Thee: for He knows the charm
Of pure domestick bliss; and conscious feels
From the sweet intercourse of mutual love
More true delight, than from the gilded pomp
Of Royalty, what time th' assembled Peers
To their new Sov'reign bow th' obsequious knee,
And Princes pay due homage at his Throne.

Nor shall ye scorn, blest Pair, this humble praise,
That, midst the joys of Empire, Ye can learn
What home-felt bliss, (from Love's sweet union sprung)
Awaits the lowliest subjects of your realm,
Who, in the bonds of chaste affection join'd,
Partake untainted happiness, and thank
Just Heav'n that placed them in their humble sphere.

Jeffery Ekins, M.A. Fellow of King's College.

F I N I S.